

75 CENTS

JULY 28, 1975

TIME

Ford's First Year
At Ease in
the White House



© 1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

I like Winston Super King for one reason.

Winston Super King gives me more
of what counts: taste. A lot of extra-long cigarettes
give you more length, but less taste.

Real taste is what smoking's all about. For me,
Winston Super King is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report
MAR. 75.

Lincoln-Mercury announces a new little station wagon. Mercury Bobcat MPG Villager

34

miles per gallon
highway test
(23 mpg city test)

Mercury's new little Bobcat MPG was rated at 34 mpg in government highway dynamometer test, 23 mpg in city test with its 4-speed manual transmission. Your actual road mileage will depend on driving habits and conditions and your car's equipment.

Bobcat MPG's government mileage rating
together with increased foreign car prices makes Bobcat
an outstanding value. Here's why:

STATION WAGONS	HIGHWAY MILEAGE RATING	CITY MILEAGE RATING	STICKER PRICE*
Mercury Bobcat MPG	34	23	\$3511
Toyota Corona	28	19	\$4109
Opel 1900	27	19	\$3961
VW Dasher	36	23	\$4875
Datsun 710	33	22	\$3999

*Base sticker prices, excluding title, taxes and destination charges. Dealer prep. extra on Bobcat and VW and may alter comparison in some areas. Bobcat's price includes optional WSW tires. Competitors' mileage based on EPA Buyer's Guide figures which average automatic and manual transmission test results. Bobcat MPG results are for manual transmission only.



Mercury Bobcat MPG Villager

Both Bobcat MPG Villager and Bobcat MPG 3-door come standard with: front disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, solid-state ignition, deeply padded bucket seats, all vinyl interior, full carpeting, sound insulation and the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features.

MERCURY BOBCAT

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





STEREOPHOTO

LONG (LEFT) & MME. NGA (CENTER WITH INFANT) AND THEIR FAMILIES

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"You Americans don't even realize it because it's just part of your lives. But we feel so free here, and we have peace of mind," says Dang Thuy Nguyen, TIME's former office manager in Saigon, who is now one of our telex operators in New York. Dang is one of TIME's four Vietnamese employees who were evacuated with their families during the last days of the Indochina war. All together, 37 Vietnamese sponsored by TIME have come to the U.S. Now living in Connecticut, New Jersey and California, they are learning to cope with such all-American problems as commuting, job hunting and matching budgets with sales at the supermarket. Budgets are second nature to Mme. Nga Thi Tran, who had handled finances for our Saigon bureau since 1968. Employed in our New York accounting office, she is hopefully looking at houses for her family of six in the Connecticut suburbs.

Dang also finds suburban life in Morristown, N.J., congenial. "The schools are good, and last week my boy went out with friends and came home with five pounds of fish." Dang's new neighbors welcomed him, his wife and their six children warmly. "The local paper wrote about us," he reports, "and townspeople came to give us furniture and kitchen utensils—all that we needed. We were very moved."

Long Xich Luong, father of ten, mans the telex in our San Francisco bureau. "I just dial New York, the light comes on, and I send traffic. In Saigon I often had to wait two or three hours." Long is eager to learn better English. Indeed, the language barrier is the worst problem for the entire family, though American customs are as unfamiliar as the idiom. Accustomed to Saigon's strictly military parades, the Longs were surprised to find not only firemen and politicians but also schoolchildren marching in Corte Madera, Calif., on the Fourth of July. After seeing a drive-in movie theater and hearing about drive-in churches and banks, Long kept repeating with amazement, "America is very convenient."

Perhaps the least surprised by America's folksways has been Photographer Le Minh, now in the Los Angeles bureau. "Actually, everything is pretty much as we expected," he says. "I've been working for TIME since 1963. When you read the magazine for over a decade, you have a pretty good idea of what America is about."



DANG AT WORK

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph of the First Family by David Hume Kennerly—*The White House*.

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The Cat Does Something Right

To the Editors:

Bravo! Finally, a cover story [July 7] on an artist who is not only the biggest but the best thing to happen to the popular music scene since the Beatles.

Elton John has always come across as a multitalented, multifaceted personality. His music gives me the same kind of tingling effect as Debussy's *Clair de Lune*, Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* or Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Brian Gabriel
Omaha

Recently I had the pleasure of meeting Elton John. He told me how much he had enjoyed my music and my play-

I may be a very opinionated 13-year-old, but I thought your story on Elton John was absolutely fantastic! I just went all to pieces when I saw the cover.

Stephanie (Stevi) Tischler
Atlanta

After reading your cover story on Elton John, I have solved the mystery of why I find the piano benches not working in many of the concert halls.

Dave Brubeck
Wilton, Conn.

Jazz Pianist Brubeck, a concert trail veteran, is likely to come across broken benches, signs that John has been there.

I was amazed that you sent a correspondent to London for a story on Elton John when the U.S. is being toured by the real Captain Fantastic of rock and his crew—Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones. You were in the right church but, unfortunately, you were in the wrong pew.

Alison Power
Massena, N.Y.

Elton John's music is very much like Cracker Jacks. Once you get a taste, they're hard to stop eating, even if they don't have much nutritional value.

Susan Lloyd
Pottstown, Pa.

There are two kinds of music—good and bad. If you like it, it's good; if you don't like it, it's bad. With Elton John, it's good.

Harry James
Las Vegas

ing over the years, and that my music had stood the test of time.

And I said to him, "Man, I've got every album you've made. Your contemporary ideas and your talent have given the music world and the public the best."

Any cat who has sold 16 million singles and 42 million albums is giving out with the best—the very best! That cat must be doing something right.

Reggie, my boy, keep it moving and keep it swinging. You've got the world in a jug and the stopper's in your hand.

Lionel Hampton
New York City

Why didn't you do a cover story on Elton John five years ago when his songs were good? His music now is sheer trash. I wish you had the nerve to admit it.

James E. Mich
Alexandria, Va.

With all the first-rate music available at the nearest record store, one would be a fool to pay \$10 to sit in a crowded room to see which of his "200 pairs of glasses" Elton John will wear.

Maryann Italiano
Hauppauge, N.Y.

present "graduates" are part of the best-educated generation of criminals in our history!

Why should we be alarmed? We put them there and we insisted on paying for their education—in crime.

It's time we act on alternatives.

Brother Joseph Porter, F.S.C.
Lehigh University
Bethlehem, Pa.

Equality in Stupidity

The U.N. Women's Conference [July 14] proved once and for all that women are indeed equal to men—in their stupidity!

Sandra Goodlick
Los Angeles

Of course, the Mexico City Women's Conference had the trappings of self-justification officialdom. However, it was a small but significant step toward self-identity among women.

It was an enormous stride away from the paralyzing isolation that has been women's lot; and maybe, just maybe, women will begin to look with fresh skepticism at their own governments, which they serve but which hardly serve them.

Sissy Farenthold
Houston

Lawyer and former Texas state legislator, Mrs. Farenthold stepped down last month as chairwoman of the National Women's Political Caucus.

Partial Post

Your Essay sums up succinctly the kind of service we've been getting from the United States Postal Service [July 7] from the day of its inception: partial post.

Robert Durback
Letter Carrier
Cleveland

The real problem today is that the Postal Service has no motive to be efficient. It has no competition, it can raise its rates at will, it need satisfy no stockholders, and it can't even implement manpower-saving measures without being faced with illegal strike threats. There is only one answer: throw the whole business open to competition and let the present anachronistic system die on the vine.

George F. Platts
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Your article on the Postal Service was well reasoned, informative, accurate, and went as straight as an arrow to its mark.

With a few more articles such as yours, the people will cause the Congress to recognize that if we can spend several billion dollars to put a letter on the moon, we can spend a few bucks to get a letter across town. I do not believe



that we have lost the need or the will to provide the funds needed for an excellent Postal Service.

*Hal L. Hemmingsen, President
National Association of Postmasters
Glendale, Calif.*

I recommend encoding all letters with computer-readable zip codes. A penalty should be placed on letters that do not conform to standards. The price for first-class letters could stay the same: a letter with a zip code, but not encoded, should go for 20¢; and a letter with no zip code at all, 50¢.

*John Shelton
Chagrin Falls, Ohio*

If we taxpayers subsidize commercial publications such as yours by providing you with less-than-cost mail service, shouldn't we then also subsidize Walter Cronkite?

*Herbert L. Wurth
Former Postal Employee
Suffern, N.Y.*

Mataji Knows Best

In apprehending her domestic opponents, Mrs. Gandhi [July 7] is only upholding a 28-year-old tradition in Indian politics: once in power, Indian leaders insist on "serving" the people to the bitter end. Her slogan seems to be MATAJI [MOTHER] KNOWS BEST.

*Ashok Adnani
New York City*

I who have just come from India am all admiration for your masterly and dispassionate summing up of the very complicated situation in India. Mrs. Gandhi has gambled, but was there any option for her when irresponsible and scheming politicians belonging to parties which have more leaders than followers began to incite the army and the police to mutiny? Mrs. Gandhi was driven to take the steps she has.

*P. Mohamed Ali
Augusta, Me.*

Recycling Discovery

Judging from your article "And Now Recycled Buildings" [July 7], some Americans are beginning to realize one of the reasons why they find European cities much more interesting.

*Phyllis McMorris Demarécaux
Paris*

Making It

After all these years you have finally made it as a first-rate joke book [July 7] with one clause: "Nixon testified under oath . . ."

*David W. Harris
Montrose, N.Y.*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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- Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
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Or . . .
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THE PRESIDENTIAL LIFE: LATE-HOURS CONFERENCE WITH RUMSFELD (RIGHT) & AIDES



A HUG FOR SUSAN IN GRADUATION COAT

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE July 28, 1975 Vol. 106, No. 4

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Whither the Freedom Train?

Last spring a venerable steam locomotive pulling 25 red, white and blue cars chugged out of Wilmington, Del., on a 17,000-mile, two-year Bicentennial tour of the U.S. It was the American Freedom Train, a private, nonprofit project financed through \$5 million in gifts from five U.S. corporations and billed as "a birthday gift to the American people." The train carried a somewhat indiscriminate array of American artifacts: George Washington's copy of the Constitution, the agreement for the Louisiana Purchase, Will Rogers' lariat, Judy Garland's dress from the *Wizard of Oz* and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's size 16 basketball shoes.

This week as the train plays Peoria—literally—its tour is mirroring the nation in quite a different way: it is in deep financial distress, fast building up a deficit that could reach \$2.5 million. Apparently the trouble began early with lavish expenditures to renovate the train and assemble the exhibits. On the road there were further problems: complaints that the admission was too high (\$2 for adults, \$1 for children), the 15-minute moving-walkway trip through the cars too brief (the walkways have since been slowed). Attendance was erratic: only 10,800 visitors per day turned up during eight days in Boston, but more than 40,000 descended on the train during a 2½-day stop last month in Archbold, Ohio (pop. 3,200).

To salvage the project, the train's original operators stepped down and were replaced this month by Peter Spurley, former general manager of Spokane's successful Expo '74. Spurley is considering a variety of cost-cutting and

money-raising stratagems (the train now costs \$20,000 per display day). But he also might well think about more stops at unjaded towns like Archbold, where a look at Joe DiMaggio's baseball bat and rocks from the moon is apparently still worth two dollars from the kitchen sugar bowl.

Children Welcome, Sort of

San Francisco may still be a mecca for sophisticated singles, but anyone with children has lately found the city by the bay to be as chilly as a fog rolling in through the Golden Gate. A recent survey by the San Francisco Human Rights Commission revealed that 69% of landlords in the Marina, 60% in the Sunset and 50% in the Richmond neighborhoods refuse to rent to applicants with children. With a vacancy rate of only 2% in the city, this left little room for anyone with youngsters. One result has been a drop in school enrollment, with a consequent reduction in precious state aid.

Last week, overriding a veto by Mayor Joseph Alioto, the city's board of supervisors approved a new law that prohibits landlords from refusing to rent to families with children. Violations will subject offenders to fines of up to \$500. Opponents of the law argued that it would inevitably lead to higher rents, based on a greater number of occupants. Besides, Alioto warned, the prospect of widespread litigation "will set up an aura of Inquisition in San Francisco."

The fears may be exaggerated. At least three states—New York, New Jersey and Arizona—have had similar laws on the books for half a century without such sinister effect. As San Francisco Supervisor Alfred J. Nelder put it, "Kids are human beings and have rights too."

The Biggest Scofflaw

Motorists who fail to pay New York City parking fines have recently been subjected to an intense new collection campaign: dunning notices in the mail, mysterious and sometimes threatening phone calls from collection agencies, even warnings on the radio that "scofflaws" can face garnishment of wages and liens on their property. Last week, however, it was disclosed that the city's biggest scofflaw—incurring fines and penalties estimated at \$6 million per year—is the U.S. Federal Government.

Even more astonishing was the revelation that more than half of the summonses—about 6,000 per month—are handed out to some 10,000 undercover vehicles belonging to the FBI, the CIA, Customs and other agencies. The cars are often registered to fictitious names and addresses, and police sometimes do not learn that a particular auto is federally owned until they tow it away. In one such instance, federal marshals showed up to claim some illegally parked cars and charged police in turn with illegal seizure of federal property. The cars were promptly returned.

New York has always been unsuccessful in collecting any fines from foreign diplomatic missions and consulates, which each month accumulate some 25,000 summonses, and it will probably get little farther with the feds. Some parking-violations-bureau officials, indeed, say they fear that if they press too hard for the fines, the Government might retaliate by cutting its federal grants to the city's traffic department. So far, only one agency seems to have made any gesture to pay up. Last month, perhaps in memory of the clean-cut, square-jawed rectitude of Founder J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI anted up \$7,000.



DRAMA ON THE GOLF LINKS



GREETING ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF WESTERN WELL-WISHERS IN FRESNO, CALIF.

THE NATION

THE WHITE HOUSE / COVER STORIES

Ford in Command

The party last week was not really a surprise—not with the Navy band beating out rock 'n' roll, not with some 2,200 presidential aides and secretaries and third assistant deputies all crammed into the East Room of the White House—but Jerry Ford beamed and chuckled and acted just as though he had forgotten it was his own 62nd birthday. His doctor had given him a checkup and pronounced him fit, and so did comedian Flip Wilson, who came to the party as Nurse Geraldine in a red wig and white uniform. Nobody minded that a little fun was made of the President. On the walls there were cartoons of his spills on the steps of Air Force One when he arrived in Salzburg last June.

The scene was typical of the new and relaxed mood at the White House, and across the nation, as the President nears the end of his first year in office. Not even Ford's opponents can deny that he has performed far better than anyone had reason to expect. The child of Congress has become the political master of the White House. He is no intellectual, he is no innovator, but his candor, diligence and common sense have gained respect for his presidency. Few people crack jokes any more about his inability to chew gum and walk at the same time. Nor do they ask him, as a reporter did last fall, whether he is "intellectually up to the job of being the President." The Harris Poll, which showed him trailing Ted Kennedy by 43% to 50% as recently as last April, now puts him in front by the same margin. A Georgia survey indicates that he is also strong among conservatives. In a state that gave George Wallace more votes than either Richard Nixon or Hubert Humphrey in 1968, Ford trounces the Alabamian by 51.6% to 40.2%.

Ford's current stature is based partly on his successes: his series of vetoes of Democratic spending measures, his rescue of the *Mayaguez* from the Cambodians, his growing forcefulness in dealing with foreign leaders. But his popularity rests, above all, on the change of tone he has brought to the White House. In contrast to his immediate predecessors, he is approachable, conciliatory and not consumed by personal ambition. He has divested the presidency of its imperial pre-

tensions—with the invaluable assistance of his close-knit but independent-minded family (see page 10). So intent is he on de-mythologizing the nation's highest office that he has put a virtual ban on the playing of *Hail to the Chief*; he prefers to hear bands strike up the University of Michigan fight song, *The Victors*.

Ford is obviously at home in the White House; more important, he seems to be at home with himself, secure enough to take criticism and attack without resorting to the vengeful tactics of previous Chief Executives, much less the illegal activities of Richard Nixon. His enemies' list, if he has one, must be the shortest on record. By his own behavior, he has blotted out the sordidness of the Nixon years. It was no inconsiderable achievement to free the Republican Party from the stigma of Watergate and deprive the Democrats of an issue they might have used for many years to come. Ford has, in effect, restored the presidency to the American people, and the response has been one of relief and gratitude.

In a sense, he has taken the American public into his confidence. Only once did he veer from this aim when, out of the blue, he granted the unindicted Nixon a full pardon—an act that was much criticized at the time but makes political sense in hindsight. With one stroke, Ford largely removed Nixon and the Watergate obsession from the American scene. In general, he has run the most open White House since Theodore Roosevelt. He is available not only to aides, Cabinet officers and Congressmen, but also to journalists, business and labor leaders, sports stars and beauty queens.

Ford enjoys the political life and never seems to get enough of it. Aides are forever trying to pull him away from fund-raising dinners where he not only downswings the rubbery chicken with apparent relish but stays on for the last windy speech as well. When he returned to Michigan last week for a music festival, the youthful audience welcomed him with cheers and leaps that made them seem like the "jumpers" of the Kennedy days.

It was not an easy transition for Ford—from the amiable

THE NATION



AUG.: NIXONS DEPART



AUG.: SWEARING IN



AUG.: ROCKY MADE V.P.



SEPT.: NIXON PARDONED



disorganization of Congress to the harsh requirements of the presidency. "He has had to change a lot of his habits," says a White House aide. "He realizes that there are so many demands on his time that he has had to become more organized." Assisting the reorganization is his ambitious chief of staff, Donald Rumsfeld, who regulates the flow of people and paper in and out of the Oval Office. When Ford first took over, he was often content to have verbal reports on critical matters. Now he wants them on paper so that he can scrutinize them with care.

Ford signals the beginning of a meeting by lighting his pipe and waving it. If a speaker wanders off the subject or takes too long, the President is apt to start fidgeting with his telltale pipe or ask somebody else for his opinion. "He is never rude," says a White House aide, "but he makes things move. He has not lost his human touch, though there is a sharper edge."

James Lynn, director of the Office of Management and Budget, gives the President credit for bringing fresh ideas to almost any subject. "In meeting after meeting," says Lynn, "he comes up with an amended option that improves our position. I say that with some chagrin because I've got an ego of my own, and after my office puts in literally hundreds of hours of work on these things, I feel a certain dismay that he has brought up something we did not think of."

In the interest of a free and open exchange of ideas, Ford has assembled one of the most impressive Cabinets in recent history. All of its members have had distinguished careers in their respective fields, and five of them hold doctorates. Attorney General Edward Levi, formerly president of the University of Chicago, is rebuilding the Justice Department that was so badly compromised during the Nixon years. Secretary of Labor John Dunlop, a former economics professor and dean at Harvard, has

made a specialty of union negotiations. F. David Mathews, Ford's nominee for Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, was president of the University of Alabama for six years. And Henry Kissinger and Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, both inherited from Nixon, remain the Cabinet's heavyweights.

Characteristically, Ford does not seem the least bit intimidated by the high-powered brains around him. In fact, he is giving them considerable independence and—most important in power-sensitive Washington—he allows them to see him whenever they wish, a liberty Nixon never granted. Ford also expects them to disagree and would be disappointed if they did not. After a lively recent session, Schlesinger remarked, "Mr. President, this is the best faculty meeting I've attended in 15 years."

Ford got off to a shaky start in foreign affairs, the area of Government where he had the least experience. He let Kissinger take the lead and admitted as much. Both he and Kissinger seemed helpless as South Viet Nam and Cambodia collapsed, and they harshly blamed Congress for refusing their futile request for last-minute increases in military aid. But the President mounted an impressive operation to remove the refugees without the bloodshed that had been predicted. Then he was handed an opportunity to display his mettle. The Cambodians seized the merchant vessel *Mayaguez*, and the President responded by sending in the Marines. The ship and its 39 crewmen were rescued at the cost of the lives of 41 U.S. servicemen. The use of force may have been theatrical and excessive, as critics charge. But Ford did give the world a lesson in the dangers of pushing the U.S. too far. His popularity at home shot up, especially among conservatives.

Since then, the President has increasingly

THE PRESIDENCY / HUGH SIDEY

He Has Not Deserted the Old Haunts

He is a member of Elks Lodge No. 48 in Grand Rapids. The furniture city's American Legion post carries him on its rolls. He is counted among the members of the Grace Episcopal Church. Old Troop No. 15, Boy Scouts of America, is collecting his mementos (he was one of the youngest Eagle Scouts in its history). The Michigan Bar Association has designated him Permanent Member No. 13563, in case he goes into court, and listed him as Ford, Gerald R., 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., President of the United States.

In times of proud power, any President having an Elm Street root system like the above would be subjected to dripping sarcasm by the polemicists of the more sophisticated intellectual organs. There was some of it at first, but it has quieted to a remarkable degree. In a time of stress, like the one we have been through, a lot of people come home again to the fact that the churches and schools, the service clubs and lodge halls hold much of our society together. Jerry Ford's unabashed membership is a factor in his mounting popularity. His world is wider now, but he has not deserted the old haunts, geographically or intellectually.

Once, when he was returning after a Republican fund-raising dinner paying tribute to retiring Senator George Aiken, an aide pointed out that he

had spent as much time in a drafty gymnasium in Vermont listening to bad speeches as he had spent with the National Security Council that afternoon in Washington. Something should be changed. "No," said Ford. "I like it."

Such events nourish him. He has just finished attending the Cherry Festival in Traverse City, Mich. That goes on the list with the Holland Tulip Festival and the Virginia Apple Blossom Festival. One of his happiest afternoons in his first year at the White House was taking the Soviet cosmonauts to the Alexandria, Va., firemen's picnic.

While Ford has parleyed with Brezhnev and Wilson and a dozen other statesmen, he counts a couple of his most memorable moments as the night he sat in Boston's Old North Church to commemorate the 200th anniversary of Paul Revere's ride and the evening of July 4 when he stood in Baltimore's Fort McHenry and gazed at the Stars and Stripes and heard the cannons rumble over out the bay. His favorite newspaper may be the Grand Rapids *Press*, which he scans for news of his friends. When the mother of an old acquaintance died there a few days ago, a bouquet was sent into the home. "To Momma Mary, Betty and Jerry," read the card.

Ford's favorite photo of the year (other than

emerged from the shadow of Kissinger. He has held personal well-publicized talks with Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin. He has markedly improved his grasp of foreign affairs (see interview page 14). As a result, he speaks out more confidently. He has recently been at pains to stress the U.S. commitment to South Korea and suggest the possibility of using tactical nuclear weapons in its defense.

The Russian and Chinese reactions to Ford remain ambiguous. U.S. allies, on the other hand, are relieved. Fearful at first that Ford would not measure up to the job, they now seem confident that he will provide sufficient leadership. Observes a senior official in the West German government: "Ford is seen here as a straightforward man who doesn't waver. He also has a feel for international affairs and steers a very clear course." Though Ford is considered to lack Nixon's acumen and cunning in foreign affairs, he is regarded as more predictable and hence more reliable. Says Japanese Economist Nobutane Kiuchi: "The last thing the current world situation needs is aggressive, spectacular leadership. The times call for patient, solid, if plodding efforts, not bold, drastic actions."

That may be just as true on the domestic front, for Ford presides over a nation that returned overwhelming Democratic majorities in the last election. Indeed, he looked last fall as if he would be a caretaker President at the mercy of Capitol Hill. That did not prove to be the case. The Democrats turned out to have too many members for their own good, and their leadership splintered. They failed to muster enough votes to override presidential vetoes of key spending bills providing for more federal housing subsidies, more public service jobs, higher farm price supports, and environmental controls on strip mining. With his 25 years experience in the House,

Ford exploited his advantage. Knowing instinctively which legislators to approach and which to avoid, he got on the phone and requested their help to sustain his vetoes.

As a result, Ford has mostly had his way on domestic issues. The \$23 billion tax cut passed by Congress was more than he wanted, but his Administration has largely been able to set the pace of the recovery from the recession, which is much too slow to suit the Democrats. Inflation has been cut by more than half, to 5.1%, but unemployment remains distressingly high at nearly 9%. Contrary to expectations, the President has also kept the upper hand with his controversial energy program, which aims at raising the price of domestic oil and natural gas in order to reduce consumption and stimulate production. Unable to agree among themselves and afraid of retaliation at the polls because of higher prices, the Democrats have failed to pass an alternative program. Last week Ford announced that he would decontrol the price of oil over a 30-month period; once again, the Democrats reacted negatively by threatening to vote against the move. They contend that removal of controls would add to inflation and unduly reward the oil companies. But there is a certain amount of give in the position of both sides; eventually a compromise is likely to be hammered out.

Tough he has been farsighted in his chosen areas of competence, especially energy, the President has not provided anything resembling a blueprint for the nation. That would not be in keeping with his temper or his inclinations. "Ford is a prudent, careful builder," says a close friend and adviser. "When he came in, he bent a little leftward. Recently he's been tilting a little rightward." He does not want to provide his opponents on the right, chiefly Ronald Reagan, with any am-



FORD'S BOYHOOD HOME IN GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

those of his family) is one of him in his office with the family dog Liberty. He likes steak best as a dining staple, despite his exposure to the French cuisine, and his alltime top treat remains butter pecan ice cream. He has noted the real estate progress on the helicopter route from the White House to Andrews Air Force Base, remarked on the beauty of the Maryland mountains over which he flies to Camp David, and just two weeks ago he looked down on the islands of Lake Michigan, picking out the ones where he had canoed and camped as a boy.

He likes neckties, almost all of them striped, and he sometimes carries an extra in his briefcase for a

midday change. He has been given a bunch of fancy robes for his new swimming pool, but he prefers an old red terry-cloth number. His blue leather chair from Alexandria is the one he seeks out at night for his homework. If he has a favorite musical number, it is probably *Oklahoma!* Judging by his reaction to movies this year, *That's Entertainment* is at the top of his list. He does not watch much television, but if he had to vote he would no doubt cast his ballot for sports events and maybe *Cannon*, the saga of a paunchy, aging private eye.

He puffs through eight to ten pipeloads of tobacco a day and worries about it. He asks for two olives in his martini. Swimming is his favorite sport, early morning the best time of his day, and a Sunday afternoon round of golf is his special weekly fix.

His contact lenses did not work, so he gave them up. He cannot abide a dictating machine, and so writes his memos with his left hand, longhand. He eschews anything to do with guns, even trapshooting. While he keeps a watch on the University of Michigan teams, he keeps closer ties with his teen-age football mates, the Trojans of South High School.

Some are saying that Jerry Ford is engaged in leadership by nostalgia, ladling out comforting potions of sugared water, an approach that may be fine for a while but is no medicine for the future. Perhaps they forget American history. After the visionaries and adventurers came the people of the farms, the stores and the factories; and their part of the experiment was just as revolutionary as the rest.



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APRIL ORPHAN LIFT





THE NATION

munition. But some activists on the White House staff are aware that a problem that is deferred may be harder to cope with later. At Ford's direction, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller recently asked all Cabinet officers for their priorities, and is currently drawing up policy options for the President on such matters as welfare reform and national health insurance. But Ford is not likely to act until next January when he delivers his State of the Union address.

Ford has made a success of the presidency largely by being himself. Even his limitations are perceived as pluses, in contrast to Nixon's. He is trusted, in part, because he does not appear to aim very high. He suits the wary, conservative temper of the times. But that attitude is not likely to endure forever. As the economy recovers, aspirations may rise along with it, and old problems will be rediscovered. Ford's vetoes might then be regarded as obstructionist rather than prudent. A continued high rate of unemployment, with its special impact on minorities, is an issue that Democrats could turn to their advantage. Even before the 1976 election, the President may have to face up to the soaring cost of medical care, the steadily rising crime rate, the breakdown of the cities and the crumbling of mass transportation. His view—widely welcomed at present—that Government should do less and that national thrift is in order could begin to seem to many people like a do-nothing policy. Along with this, "charisma"—a cliché not recently heard—might return to the political vocabulary.

For the moment, the President appears to be politically secure, protected on both his left and right flanks, monopolizing the coveted middle ground. With the Democrats in disarray, no serious rival for the presidency has emerged. Reagan may make a try for the Republican nomination, but Ford operatives are adroitly heading him off. The President picked three notable conservatives to manage his campaign: Howard ("Bo") Callaway, former Secretary of the Army; David Packard, who served as Under Secretary of Defense; and Dean Burch, a one-time adviser to Barry Goldwater and past chairman of the Federal Communications Commission.

Ford has thus left little room for Reagan to maneuver. He has championed free enterprise and attacked Government regulation. He has urged continued heavy defense spending. He has rather cold-bloodedly neutralized the conservatives' hostility to Rockefeller by stressing the fact that the President and the Vice President are not a team and the G.O.P. delegates will be free to select the Vice President. Privately, Ford has no intention of dropping Rocky, who he keeps insisting is not really a liberal. He admires his Veep's abilities and needs him on the ticket to win independent and Democratic votes in the election.

For all his present strength, Ford's election is not a foregone conclusion. Much depends on events beyond his control. If Middle East negotiations collapse, if the Arab states impose another oil embargo, if North Korea invades South Korea, the President could once again find himself in a politically hazardous position. At best, the state of the economy, with continued high unemployment, will damage his chances; and as one aide says, "It may be a narrow prosperity he's enjoying—a reverse of some kind could hurt him badly." But at the moment, he can take satisfaction in no longer being an accidental President fearing the taint of the man who chose him. The caretaker is in the process of becoming the proud owner of the White House, and it will not be easy to dislodge him.

JULY APOLLO-SOYUZ



APRIL OIL PROBLEMS



MAY MAYAGUEZ CALL



JUNE AUSTRIAN STUMBLE

'Have a Helluva Good Time'

Betty Ford still refers to it as "the time when the roof caved in"—the time when an unassuming Middle American political family suddenly had to move from a modest four-bedroom suburban Virginia home into the mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. "I really didn't want to come here," the First Lady told TIME Washington Correspondent Bonnie Angelo in the White House last week. "I was afraid because of the social demands, and I didn't think of it as a meaningful position for me." Adds her daughter Susan: "At first the idea of the presidency scared us, especially the kids. We were afraid we would become too public, that everyone would get wrapped up in their own things and we wouldn't be a family any more." Her stoutest encouragement came from Alice Roosevelt Longworth, 91, who still remembers when she herself moved into the White House at the age of 17. Said she to Susan: "Have a helluva good time!"

Since Ford took office, the entire family has been together in the White House only once—last month, when the President insisted on a reunion. On that occasion the picture was taken that appears on TIME's cover: the First Lady presented it to her husband as a birthday gift. Yet as far-flung as the Ford children are, the family's solidarity remains its chief feature, along with a freewheeling independence of mind that all the Fords—including the President—nurture and relish.

That is one way the family surmounts crises each member faces problems head-on. Betty Ford has been the most badly hit, during the past year, by the discovery of a cancerous tumor that required removal of her right breast last September. But aside from a regimen of daily pills for one week out of every six, she has been able to ignore the disease and it has made no reappearance since her operation. She also suffers from a painful arthritic back, but even that rarely darkens her spirits. Despite her husband's mammoth work load, she finds that it has not come between them. "Evenings we usually spend together, both working while we sit in the den or maybe watch TV," she says. She also has unique occasions to lobby the President. "You might call it 'pillow talk,'" she says with a grin. "I definitely think I have influenced him on women's issues. There's a woman in the Cabinet—and I suggested that. Now if I can get a woman on the Supreme Court, I'll be batting 1.000."

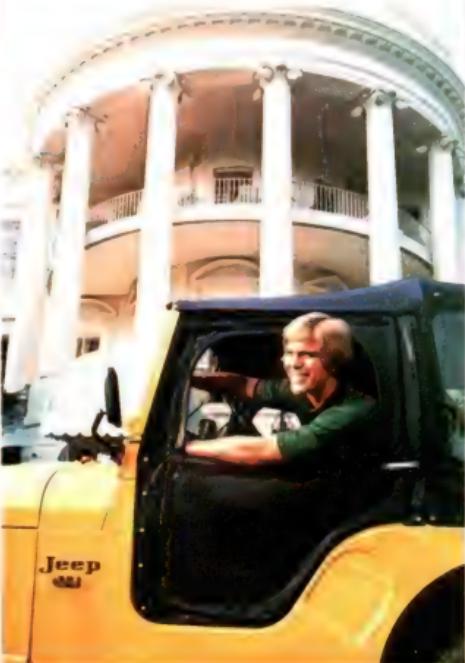
She has been a forthright spokeswoman for the Equal Rights Amendment and liberalized abortion laws, and has calmly brushed aside the criticism she knew would be coming. "When somebody asks you how you stand on an issue, you're very foolish if you try to beat around the bush—you just meet yourself going around the bush the other way." On the other hand, she admits that when she occasionally disagrees with her husband, she "wouldn't want to embarrass him by opposing his position [in public]. That I'll do in the privacy of our own sitting room."

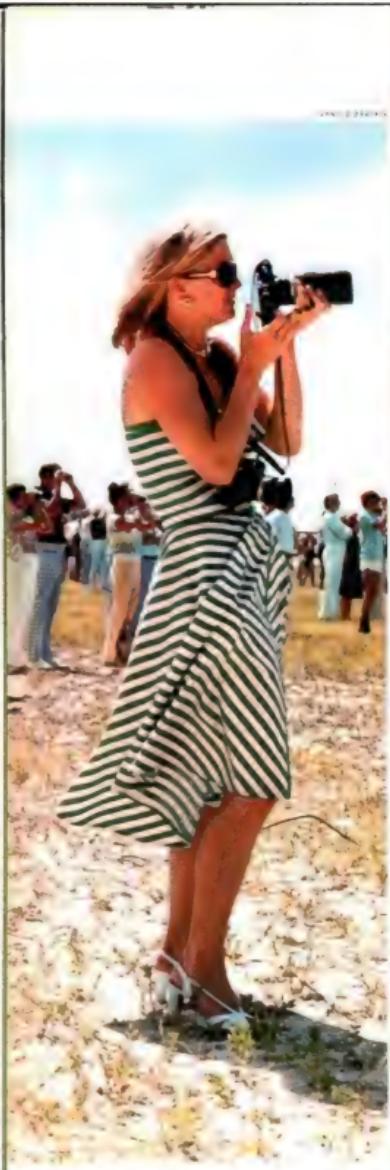
The independence of the Ford children has not been curbed by their father's new position. They go their own way—with occasionally bewildered Secret Service men in tow. In many ways the strongest family member seems to be the youngest, Susan, who turned 18 this month. With private quarters to herself on the third floor of the White House, Susan



From a Family Album

Clockwise from left: Jack Ford during daily workout in the Executive Office Building gym; Mike swinging Wife Gayle in their yard in Essex, Mass.; Steve at the wheel of his Jeep outside White House; Susan cutting cake at party on the White House lawn celebrating her 18th birthday





Clockwise from above: Susan photographing Apollo launch for Topeka newspaper; Susan walking First Dog, the golden retriever; Jack in the doorway to his room at the White House; Jack taking a short cut over White House fence after his daily jog

has artfully and unassumingly adjusted to the demands of a life more scrutinized—and more pampered—than any that most teen-agers ever know. "But we clean our own rooms," she says. "That's orders from Mother, and it always has been that way."

Susan is currently established, however, in a motel in Topeka, Kans., for a six-week summer internship as a staff photographer for the *Topeka State Journal and Daily Capital*. For \$115 per week, she is learning the essentials of photographic journalism from Picture Editor Rich Clarkson, who last week took her on her biggest assignment so far: shooting the Apollo launch at Cape Canaveral. After creditably snapping such routine newspaper subjects as a local Girl Scout painting exhibition, a county land auction, and a full-page spread on marriage counseling (some scenes of which had to be reshot in a second session), Susan seemed to Clarkson to be ready for the tougher Canaveral assignment. Calling her work there "much more disciplined," Clarkson ran three of her better pictures in the paper.

Since she arrived in Topeka two weeks ago, her sole out-of-town visitor has been Brian McCartney, 26, a ski patrolman from Northbrook, Ill., whom Susan met during a Ford family ski outing at Vail, Colo., in December. After she puts in her 7½-hr. day, Susan usually spends her evenings alone, cooking her own dinner, which she sometimes shares with Secret Service men. When her internship is over, Susan will join her parents at Vail for a family vacation before entering Mount Vernon College in the fall. She would like a car, but since there is no money for one in her parents' budget, she will be driven from the White House to school by the Secret Service.

As single-minded as Susan is Jack, 23, who moved into the White House last month after earning a B.S. degree in forestry from Utah State University. He has become a full-time aide in the presidential campaign (TIME, July 21), and in private conversations with his father he has not hesitated to disagree.

Outspoken as he knows his son to be, even the President may be somewhat taken aback by a recent expression of Jack's feelings on subject that he feels very strongly about: the environment. When Columnist William V. Shannon grumbled in the *Washington Star* that a recent Ford speech on pollution "thickened the air with additional noxious materials," an infuriated Jack fired off a reply to the paper: "I can't help but feel that armchair conservationists like Mr. Shannon only cloud the water and do damage to an important effort."

But Jack has few reasons to fume during his current stay. He has thoroughly enjoyed being on the stump with his father. To make certain his son looks his part, the President has suggested that Jack purchase a tuxedo ("You'll be needing it now") and start teeing off, as the President frequently does, at Burning Tree golf club in Maryland. Jack has begun to taste the pleasures of such perks as flight in the presidential helicopter. Recently, in fact, Jack slung his 6-ft. 1-in frame into the helicopter seat that is normally reserved for the Commander in Chief. A moment later his father boarded the craft, looked down at his son, and growled affectionately. "You're not the President yet." Jack sheepishly gave up his seat as a Ford aide on board quipped, "It's all yours for only 270 electoral votes."

The Ford child who most shuns life in official Washington is Steve, 19, who is currently off in Montana's Scapoose Mountains, studying grizzly bears with John Craighead, professor of forestry and zoology at the University of Montana. So remote is the group's location that supplies—and even letters from the White House—can only be carried in by mule and packhorse every ten days. The shyest of the four children, Steve may also be the most physically daring. Taking time off after high school to work at a ranch, he has spent recent months roping, riding, broncobusting, and wrestling wild steers. A lover of the outdoors like all the Fords, he will enter Utah State this fall, where, like his brother Jack, he will pursue his interests in forestry and environment.



THE FORDS DANCING CHEEK-TO-CHEEK AFTER STATE DINNER

The deepest inner resources in the Ford family seem to belong to Mike, 25, who has a year and a half of study to complete on his master's in theology at Gordon-Conwell Seminary in South Hamilton, Mass. Mike and wife Gayle, 24, live a few miles away in tiny Essex, Mass. (pop. 2,899). When not immersed in the intensive summer Hebrew course he takes three nights a week, Mike is usually to be found studying at home, playing tennis with Gayle or tending the small garden plot lent them by a neighbor. Gayle, whose father is a junior high school principal in Catonsville, Md., met Mike when they were students at Wake Forest University in North Carolina. They both worship in an Episcopal church, and Mike is preparing himself for the Christian youth work he one day hopes to take up.

The only irritant that he and Gayle endure as relatives of the President is the constant presence of Secret Service men; at least two follow him everywhere. But that is the extent of his contact with officialdom. He and Gayle make only rare visits to Washington, although they talk to the President or Mrs. Ford at least once a week by telephone. Mike insists that the family's times together now, though rarer, are somehow more precious for being less frequent. "I've found we've really cherished our time together," he says, "just sitting around talking and showing each other pictures. I think the joy of those times has become intensified."

That could almost serve as a motto of the Ford family's stay in the White House: when pomp threatens to overwhelm any proceeding, the Fords counter with their disarming lack of pretension. "I had never thought about being First Lady," says the President's wife. "So I decided—I'm just going to be Betty Bloomer Ford." She both has and hasn't, and that may be her chief charm and greatest success as First Lady. Not long ago, after the White House domestic staff had turned in for the night, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger came up to the family quarters to report to the President on his latest diplomatic trip. Betty Ford, wearing bathrobe and slippers, wandered in and asked hospitably what both men would like to drink. Kissinger asked for coffee; the president wanted tea. After a disconcertingly long stay in the kitchen, the First Lady emerged with two cups in hand, and apologized for taking so long—she had been unable to find the coffee and tea in a kitchen she hardly knew at all. If that scene was a bit informal for the White House, nobody minded in the least.

Toward a Ford Doctrine?

In an interview last week with Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan, President Ford offered frank opinions on a wide range of international issues. Highlights:

Q. Along with all the other anniversaries and milestones, this year is the 30th anniversary of the end of World War II. Compared with the last interwar period, that is quite an improvement. Is it conceivable that we have abolished world war?

A. I can't help being optimistic. Just in terms of time, the 30-year span is an improvement compared to the 1918-1939 period. I think there is also an improvement in that we seem to have mechanisms that work better. The United

build a broader and more productive relationship. SALT I [Strategic Arms Limitation Talks] was a step forward, potentially SALT II would be much more significant, and I think the chances are good, not certain at this point, that we will achieve SALT II.

As long as we are realistic about detente and don't expect it to be the millennium, I think we can build from that relationship and use it for not only the relaxation of tensions between ourselves and the Soviet Union, but as an instrument in calming fears, holding back rash action and keeping the world relatively quiet so we can work for the solution of the problems on a regional basis around the world.

Q. How close do you think that would be to Brezhnev's definition of détente?

A. Relatively close. Those are the words I hear, and I think the actions taken seem to fit.

Q. What are the remaining principal uncertainties about SALT II?

A. We have a very significant problem of verification. We have the problem of what to count within the limits of 2,400 missiles, and these are areas where there will need to be some compromise by both parties.

Q. Some of this will be settled before you and Brezhnev meet?

A. I suspect that some will be settled by the technicians who are negotiating, just as at Vladivostok. Mr. Brezhnev and I will have to make some final decisions. At Vladivostok, we had to agree on numbers, and only he and I could do that. I suspect there will be several rather crucial decisions that he and I will make if he comes here, or we might set in motion some additional activity by the technicians if we meet and discuss them at Helsinki.

Q. If it does go through, would you visualize—leaving apart inflation—having lower defense budgets?

A. If we do have a SALT II agreement, we will probably have a relatively stabilized defense budget. If we don't have a SALT II agreement, our military budget will have to be increased significantly. The public has to understand that SALT II relates exclusively to strategic weapons; it has no relationship to conventional weapons—the Navy, where we have to continue the modernization of our shipbuilding program; our ground forces, where we have to upgrade our tanks, our personnel carriers, and so forth. So those two programs for the Army and the Navy have to be continued, and they are expensive.

Now on the other hand, if we are

able to negotiate some modifications in troop commitments in Western Europe with the MBFR. Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions, then there might be some benefits in our defense budget in conventional warfare.

Q. Do you find it hard to convince the public that we need a substantial defense budget at the same time you entertain these hopes about détente? The people watching TV today, are they going to think if we and the Soviets can cooperate so spectacularly in space, why do we need \$100 billion for defense?

A. Yes, it is difficult to make the point, but it is a logical point. I think the public has to be educated—and I mean in the right sense—that SALT II is a vitally important step, but it may be just the first step in a series of negotiations, including MBFR, that down the road would lead to a substantially modified defense budget. But until those steps are taken one by one, we cannot slash our defense budget.

Q. Why have the Russians been so restrained in the Middle East?

A. I am only speculating here, but they know just as we do that the Middle East potentially is a very volatile area.

In 1973 because of the Yom Kippur War there was a potential confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union. I don't think either one of us wanted it. If there was another outbreak of war in the Middle East, a series of circumstances might develop and we again, despite détente, could be led into a confrontation. We don't want that to happen. I don't think they want that to happen. I suspect that they would rather have peaceful moves made there to avoid confrontation with us.

Q. Something seems to be working well.

A. It could be a byproduct of détente. What we really want in the end, whether you do it step by step or an overall agreement, is equitable, viable peace, and the Arabs and the Israelis living side by side in a relationship such as we have in Western Europe or other parts of the world.

Q. On the Mediterranean front, so-called, do you share in the apprehension that the southern side of NATO is in considerable danger?

A. It is very disturbing, the recent developments in Portugal. We certainly didn't approve of the previous dictatorship in Portugal, but if there is a Communist dictatorship in Portugal, that is as bad as a dictatorship from the right.

We hope that the rights of the Portuguese people for freedom, a democratic form of government, will develop. At

FORD & SOVIET PARTY CHIEF BREZHNEV

Nations and other organizations, imperfect as they are, seem to have accomplished a great deal more than the League of Nations. So despite the quantum jump in military capability compared with the previous 20-year period, we have stretched the period of peace, and it is my judgment that the prospects are even better for the next decade and beyond.

Q. A great deal turns on the Soviet-American relationship. What is your own definition of détente in 1975?

A. On balance, it has been a relationship that has given both sides enough benefits to justify its continuation, whether it was in open communications or agreements in the areas of science, health, environment or otherwise. It has been a good foundation from which to

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the moment, it is very disappointing. They had a vote and the Communist Party got only 12% to 13% and yet there appears to be an abnormal Communist influence in the Portuguese government.

It would be very difficult for me to understand a Communist government [as] a part of NATO, so that development, if it transpires, would adversely affect the strength of NATO.

In Italy, we obviously were disappointed with the election results. We hope that the present government can strengthen itself. They have two years more before their next general election, and if the economic situation improves, if the government is able to meet the demands of the people, more recent Communist gains may be negated in that next election.

The situation on the eastern flank of NATO, because of the dispute between Turkey and Greece over Cyprus, does worry us very greatly. As you know, we have been working very hard to try and assist the parties in their negotiations, and one of the things we sought to do is to lift the arms embargo imposed by the Congress because we don't believe that Turkey will really negotiate under the threat of the continuation of the arms embargo. If that is lifted, the prospects for meaningful negotiations between the Greek Cypriots and the Turkish Cypriots are good.

Q. When you said you could not visualize a Communist government in NATO, could you visualize a government having Communists in it, such as an Italian government?

A. We would feel that the development wasn't healthy for the future of NATO.

Q. Do you feel that in the light of all of this uncertainty in the Mediterranean the Soviets are attempting to take advantage to strengthen their strategic posture?

A. Their visible activity has been not too obvious. I think, to ourselves or to others. In addition, some of the national Communist parties tend to dissociate themselves publicly from the Kremlin. Whether that is a real cutting of their relationship with the Kremlin I would doubt, but that is the impression they try to create.

Q. I was trying to make a list the other day of the number of democracies left in the world, and I could only get up to 21 out of 150-plus countries. I wonder how you see democracy in this world. Is it a minority habit that is contracting?

A. It is sad to see, but with the action in India, which is at least a temporary demise of democracy, it makes the United States the largest democratic nation in the world. The fact that we are a minority. I mean the democratic nations being a minority, does not destroy my total faith in that system of government.

I still feel over the long haul it is the way that people ought to live, that they control their governments, not that self-imposed heads of state control them.

Q. Well, to the extent that there is any revival of isolationism in this country, I wonder if it does not reflect the feeling that we democracies are a minority.

A. The trend toward isolationism or neo-isolationism really developed in the latter stages of the Viet Nam War. It is my general impression that the American people are now gradually shifting to a broader view and the trend toward isolationism may have turned. I notice this in the way Congress is reacting. This year, for example, we didn't have the same difficulty in defeating the several amendments which were aimed at forcing us to unilaterally bring back some of our troops from NATO.

Q. Does Henry Kissinger's speech yesterday in Milwaukee indicate that we are taking a tougher line toward the Third World and Fourth World?

A. I don't know whether you call it a tougher line, but I think the newer members of the United Nations have to recognize that they are a part of the world family now, and with that they have a responsibility to look at the circumstances in a broader way than just whether they are a group of underdeveloped countries.

If they don't act in a broader responsibility, they could destroy the United Nations, as the League of Nations was destroyed, and that would certainly not be to their best advantage.

Q. Do you have in mind anything that could come to be labeled as, say, comparable to the Nixon Doctrine, or his "generation of peace"? Is there going to be a Ford Doctrine—is there already?

A. I think we built on the doctrine of the previous Administration. If we can perform an effective role in the Middle East, if we can make some substantial achievements in SALT II, MBFR, in our relationship with the Soviet Union, if we can make headway in our relationship with China, keep a presence in Southeast Asia and have an impact on maintaining the peace in that area. I don't like to label what we are doing as a "doctrine." I would rather have this Administration known as a problem-solving Administration in the pages of history.

Q. You may not prevent somebody else from discovering a Ford Doctrine.

A. No, but actually that is the way we try to handle our domestic problems too. It is not liberal, conservative; it is a recognition that you have a problem and we better find an answer. Sometimes you are accused of being left or right, but when you get all through, if you have the problem solved, that is what the public wants.

FOREIGN POLICY

Kissinger in The Heartland

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger calls it "the great heartland of America," and it can be anywhere—north, west or south—just as long as it is out of Washington and away from what he regards as the capital's "cynicism and petulance." Last week, Kissinger embarked upon a trip to the heartland of the heartland, Minnesota and Wisconsin, in an attempt to sell his policies, and himself. As it turned out, Kissinger proved to be an accomplished barnstormer who hugely enjoyed the attention he received in a middle America that still sees him as Supersecretary, the hero of U.S. foreign affairs.

The 2½-day trip—his third domestic jaunt in as many months—began on Monday afternoon when Kissinger and his wife Nancy flew to Milwaukee in an eight-seat Air Force Jetstar along with one aide, a State Department security officer, two Secret Service agents and a local Republican Congressman, Robert W. Kasten. En route the Secretary, as usual, fussed over the latest drafts of his forthcoming speeches (*see box, next page*), which, typically, had already gone through a dozen versions.

After the welcoming ceremonies at the airport, the Kissingers climbed into a special armored limousine that had earlier been flown out to Wisconsin aboard a huge Air Force C-141 Starlifter. The Marc Plaza Hotel had already been thoroughly checked out by the Secret Service, and the Kissingers were quartered in a suite on the 24th floor that had been secured by the agents. (The only unexpected jarring note was the appearance of ten white-helmeted, swastika-decorated pickets from the freakish American Nazi Party.)

Aerial Lobbying. One of Kissinger's official reasons for making the trip was to be the guest of honor at the major league All-Star game. Just before the contest began, a single-engine airplane circled Milwaukee County Stadium towing a sign that spelled out in giant red letters DR. KISSINGER ISRAEL IS NOT FOR SALE. Kissinger studiously ignored the aerial lobbying, hoping it would go away, and it did. Then the stadium announcer came on the loudspeaker to boom out a hearty welcome to "Dr. Harry Kissinger." (This was not Kissinger's only such difficulty: one well-wisher hailed him as "the best Defense Secretary we've ever had.")

Undaunted, the Secretary of State threw out the first ball—with a weak delivery—and then laughed as hard as anyone else when a few good-natured Bronx cheers echoed in the night. After the game, won by the National League, 6-3, Kissinger went down into the dress-



IN A NEW ROLE, KISSINGER GAMELY LOBS OUT THE FIRST BALL AT THE MAJOR LEAGUE ALL-STAR CONTEST IN MILWAUKEE

ing rooms, munched some salami and recalled that when he was growing up in New York City his team had been the Yankees. "Joe DiMaggio was my favorite player," he said, "and I always admired Tommy Henrich, the way he hit in the clutch."

In Minneapolis the next day, Kissinger gave a foreign policy briefing to local notables, met the press and made a speech that was interrupted four times by a heckler. The Secretary paused and commented patiently. "I think I have some of my Harvard students here," and from them on owned the appreciative audience. His charm worked equally well on six-year-old Beth Wilder. When she held up her autograph book to him, Kissinger, spoofing his own legendary ego, asked hopefully, "Am I the first?"—and effectively mimed disappointment when she said no.

Strong Support. Back home in Washington, Kissinger was delighted with the results of his brief foray. After the rough treatment he has experienced there during the past few months from congressional, press and academic critics, he was pleased to receive questions about policy rather than about wiretaps at home and "destabilization" abroad. Kissinger was also encouraged to find many members of his audiences apparently puzzled and angered by his critics on Capitol Hill. The Secretary came away satisfied that there was still strong grass-roots support for himself and his policies west of the Potomac.

One night in Milwaukee, Kissinger was joined on the dais by local Congressman Clement J. Zablocki, a Democratic power on the House Foreign Affairs Committee and a leading critic of the Secretary's desire to continue arms shipments to Turkey despite its aggressive actions on Cyprus. Commented a highly satisfied Kissinger aide while watching the encounter: "You see Henry and Zablocki chatting up there? Well, in a polite way, Henry is telling Zablocki, 'Clem, these may be your constituents, but I have a constituency out here, too.'"

Confronting the Critics

In seeking support for his foreign policy last week, Henry Kissinger had to deal with one rather embarrassing critic of Soviet-American détente—Alexander Solzhenitsyn. It was Kissinger who advised President Ford not to receive Solzhenitsyn because of his view that the meeting might somehow harm relations with the Kremlin. Kissinger misjudged the effect on the public that this decision would have. Conservatives were outraged, and Senator Henry M. Jackson scornfully attacked Kissinger and Ford for "cowering in fear" rather than talking to Solzhenitsyn.

On the day Kissinger spoke in Minneapolis, the Russian Nobel prizewinner warned a group of Senators and Congressmen about the European Security Conference scheduled this month in Helsinki to settle East-West disputes unresolved from World War II. Solzhenitsyn predicted that in Helsinki "an amicable agreement of diplomatic shovels will bury and pack down corpses still breathing in a common grave."

Kissinger picked up the challenge. In Milwaukee, he made it clear that he had great respect for the Russian as a writer. But then the Secretary declared, "If I understand the message of Solzhenitsyn, it is that the U.S. should pursue an aggressive policy to overthrow the Soviet system. But I believe that if his views became the national policy of the U.S., we would be confronted with considerable threat of military conflict... I believe that the consequences of his views would not be acceptable to the American people or to the world."

Along with these words, Kissinger tried to repair the breach—and his own miscalculation—by having Vice President Nelson Rockefeller attempt to arrange a private meeting between Kissinger and Solzhenitsyn. The Russian rejected the proposal.

In his carefully wrought addresses

in the Midwest, Kissinger touched on a number of U.S. foreign policy issues, including those in the Middle East (see THE WORLD). Key points:

THE UNITED NATIONS. Criticizing "bloc voting" in the General Assembly by members of the Third World against the industrialized nations, Kissinger warned that the coerced countries were under no compulsion to submit. "To the contrary," he said, "they are given all too many incentives simply to depart the scene." Kissinger also cautioned the Arab nations and their allies among the underdeveloped countries against trying to expel Israel from the General Assembly this fall. Said he: "We fear for the integrity and survival of the General Assembly itself, and no less for that of the specialized agencies. Those who seek to manipulate U.S. membership by procedural abuse may well inherit an empty shell." Kissinger pointedly declared that "the American people are understandably tired of the inflammatory rhetoric against us."

WORLD ECONOMY. Kissinger finally faced another issue with the underdeveloped nations: their claim that the U.S. has a moral obligation to help their economies grow. The Secretary pledged to make "concrete and constructive proposals" to aid them, but he declared that the Third World countries themselves have the main responsibility for curing their problems. In effect, Kissinger rejected the argument that poverty in the Third World is due primarily to the policies of industrial countries.

Said he: "Either societies create the conditions for saving and investment, for innovation and ingenuity, for enterprise and industry which ultimately lead to self-sustaining growth, or they do not. There is no magical short cut and no rhetorical substitute. And to claim otherwise suggests need for permanent dependence on others."

A Case of Rape or Seduction?

One, two, three, Jo-an must be set free. Four, five, six, power to the ice pick.

A death weapon is an odd object for cheering. So, for that matter, is Joan Little. But the chants of some 500 demonstrators merely echoed the uniqueness of the case that came to trial last week in Raleigh, N.C. What began as an obscure slaying in a small-town Southern jail has burgeoned into an expensive legal struggle and an emotional national controversy. Supporters of Joan Little, the 21-year-old black defendant, have raised nearly \$300,000 through nationwide appeals; the state of North Carolina and its Wake County are spending some \$100,000 to provide lavish trial security and to prosecute the case.

The tension stems from conflicting theories of why Joan (5 ft. 3 in., 120 lbs.) stabbed Jailer Clarence Alligood (5 ft. 8 in., 200 lbs.) eleven times with an ice pick in the Beaufort County jail in Washington, N.C. (pop. 9,000), on Aug. 27, 1974. Joan, her lawyers and a spontaneous coalition of feminists, civil rights and prison-reform advocates insist that she was defending herself against rape by her 62-year-old white jailkeeper. To them, this is a classic example of the way rape victims can be railroaded by male-dominated legal systems, and of how black women prisoners are sexually abused by white guards, especially in the rural South. To the prosecutors, as well as to much of the local white population, Joan is a burglar and a woman of loose morals who lured Alligood into making sexual advances in order to break out of jail.

Bad Company. No one denies that Joan had recently fallen into bad company. Born along the Pamlico River in rural Beaufort County, she was the oldest of nine children; her parents were divorced while she was young. She attended high school in South Orange, N.J., and Philadelphia, where she had relatives. She returned to Washington to get her diploma, but quit when school officials insisted that she repeat a year. She worked as a sheet-rock finisher, making up to \$275 a week, but was arrested twice in 1973 on charges that included shoplifting and carrying a concealed rifle in her car. She drew a suspended sentence for shoplifting.

Joan began living in 1973 with Julius Rogers, a Washington pool-hall operator with an unsavory local reputation. She was arrested last June with her younger brother Jerome and charged with stealing \$850 worth of property from two mobile homes. Jerome turned state's evidence and got a three-year sentence. Joan later admitted her guilt but still received a stiff seven to ten years in prison. She had spent 81 days in the Beaufort jail, awaiting transfer to a

women's correctional institution, when the killing occurred.

According to Joan's lawyers (Jerry Paul and Morris Dees, both white, and Karen Galloway, a black), Alligood carried sandwiches to Joan's cell at about 3 a.m., put them down, then took off his shoes and pants and entered the cell nude from the waist down. Joan noticed a "silly little grin" on his face, saw an ice pick in his hand and grabbed the pick in the struggle to defend herself. The prosecution concedes that Alligood had sex on his mind, but it contends that Joan had willingly accepted his advances on previous visits in return for telephone privileges and sandwiches. In this instance, according to Prosecutor William Griffin, Joan had taken the ice pick from Alligood's desk while making a telephone call, cooperated in a sexual act and then murdered him.

Whether Joan had indeed engaged in sex with the jailer, willingly or under force, will be a basic issue at the trial. She claims she successfully fought off the attack. The county medical examiner reported finding what appeared to him to be semen on Alligood's thigh—an inconclusive point, certain to be argued. Joan could not be examined for evidence of rape because she ran out of the jail after the killing, surrendering eight days later with her lawyer.

Book Notes. The verdict apparently will hinge largely on whether the jury is most persuaded by Joan, who may be impressive on the stand, or by the state's circumstantial evidence. The state will stress a note that Joan made in a crossword-puzzle book, which it will contend indicates she intended to escape. The defense will insist that the note referred to her hope for release on bail while appealing her conviction.

To get the jury it wants, the defense had the trial moved from rural Washington to the state capital of Raleigh, and it has called in a battery of psychiatrists, sociologists and other specialists who spent \$38,992 developing an "attitude profile survey" of the county's population. After first making telephone surveys designed to detect patterns of prejudice, the defense asked prospective jurors seemingly unrelated questions like "What magazines do you subscribe to?" and "Do you think Richard Nixon was treated unfairly during Watergate?" (This technique has been used with some success in certain trials of radicals.)

At week's end eight jurors had been seated (six whites, two blacks, three men, five women) after the prosecution used peremptory challenges to bar five other blacks. So the trial will not be a short one. Estimated duration: at least six weeks.

JOAN LITTLE AT NORTH CAROLINA RALLY



SUPPORTERS JOIN IN PRAYER SERVICE ON EVE OF TRIAL OPENING IN RALEIGH



PORTUGAL

A Rising Cry Against the Radicals

Rival sound trucks blared abusive slogans at one another and hostile crowds poured into the streets of Portuguese cities as the confrontation between moderates and Communists intensified late last week. In Oporto, the country's second largest city, 75,000 Socialists rallied to proclaim their support of democracy. Communist roadblocks of barbed wire and nail-studded planks failed to prevent the mass gathering. Meanwhile, about 35 miles north of Lisbon, angry mobs sacked the offices and burned the files of the Communist Party in both Lourinhã and Cadaval. At week's end, amid rumors of an impending coup, the country's military leaders sought to defuse the volatile situation; its Revolutionary Council placed troops on alert and lectured representatives of the warring Socialist and Communist parties that their continued split furthered the "reactionary" cause.

Flag-Waving Mobs. These developments, culminating a week of mounting political tension, confronted those backing the creation of a parliamentary democracy in Portugal with their most serious challenge since the Revolution 15 months ago. Earlier in the week, So-

cialist demonstrators had denounced the military leadership; the Communist Party had responded by summoning its members to a "state of vigilance." On the extreme left, flag-waving mobs marched to demand dissolution of the democratically elected Constituent Assembly. They were supported by hundreds of soldiers from Artillery Regiment No. 1, widely known as the most radical in the country, who had brought along eight of their menacing, self-propelled cannons.

Last week's tension was heightened by uncertainty over the complexion and direction of the regime. The military dissolved the shaky coalition Cabinet when the last of the moderates walked out. At week's end General Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, Portugal's Premier, was still trying to form a new Cabinet of military men and civilian technocrats. Meanwhile observers in Lisbon believed that a movement was mounting within the 30-man Revolutionary Council of the divided M.F.A. (Armed Forces Movement) to oust the strongly pro-Communist Gonçalves as Premier.

The first moderates to quit the Cabinet were the Mario Soares Socialists, who protested against the M.F.A.'s po-

litical blueprint for the creation of local revolutionary councils, which would virtually eliminate political parties (TIME, July 21). The Socialists were followed last week by the centrist Popular Democrats (P.P.D.) and by two independent ministers, who pulled out of the coalition when they failed to receive assurances from the military that press freedom would be restored and parliamentary democracy would be established.

That left only the Communists and the fellow-traveling M.D.P. (Portuguese Democratic Movement) with party representation in the Cabinet; the two groups had polled a mere 18% of the vote in last April's Constituent Assembly election, compared with 38% for the Socialists and 26% for the P.P.D. So tiny a fraction made a mockery of any M.F.A. attempt to maintain the fiction of democratic participation in the government. The M.F.A. thus swept out all representatives of political parties.

Red Control. Although the Socialists and Popular Democrats never really wielded much power in the government, their presence in the coalition kept alive hopes that neither the Communists nor the ultraradicals, like supporters of General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, would have the final word on how Portugal's new government would be structured. Barring an unexpected change of heart by the military, the Communists stand to gain from the developments. While Party Boss Alvaro Cunhal lost his post as Minister Without Portfolio, the Reds retain control of the unions, most of the press and broadcasting network, and much of the national and local bureaucracy. Moreover, it is expected that many if not most of the "nonpartisan" civilians whom Gonçalves would like to appoint to a new Cabinet will be mouthpieces for the Communists.

The moderates must pin their remaining hopes on increasing their influence within the M.F.A. Although all meetings of the Revolutionary Council and the 240-member M.F.A. General Assembly are cloaked in secrecy, it is felt that the movement is torn by a struggle involving at least three factions: Saraiva de Carvalho's ultraradicals, the Communists and their allies backing Gonçalves, and moderates rallying about Foreign Minister Ernesto Melo Antunes. Much of the Socialists' and Popular Democrats' success may well depend on how effectively they can mobilize their supporters around the country and so impress the M.F.A. with the strength of their followings.

Yet Socialist Soares at first seemed

RADICAL SOLDIERS IN LISBON CHANT SLOGANS DENOUNCING MODERATES



apprehensive, even timid about challenging the radical officers. After quitting the Cabinet, he spent four days in long meetings with party colleagues instead of sending his followers out into the streets. "The Communists would have called a crippling strike by tea-time," noted one observer in Lisbon. "By dinnertime they would have had 30,000 people in the streets."

When Soares finally did schedule a rally early last week, the 20,000 Socialists who jammed the area in front of party headquarters in Lisbon were clearly ahead of their leader. Soares was visibly uneasy when the rally chanted "The people are *not* with the M.F.A."

reversing what by now has become an almost automatic, liturgical profession of loyalty to the military leadership. Perhaps emboldened by the rally, Soares called for the series of demonstrations that were spreading through the country at week's end.

The Roman Catholic Church has also become bolder in its opposition to the radicals. More than 7,000 Catholics last week gathered at Aveiro, on the coast 170 miles north of Lisbon, to welcome Bishop Manuel d'Almeida Trindade. He had just returned from consultations at the Vatican on a recent takeover by radical workers of Rádio Renascença, the church's radio station. Addressing one of the largest conservative gatherings since the revolution, the bishop called for demonstrations throughout the nation.

In their struggle for survival, the moderate parties have one issue that is bound to gain them perhaps not only middle-class but also even some worker support: the collapse of Portugal's economy, which the M.F.A. has thoroughly mismanaged. Unemployment is now estimated at 10% and is certain to rise. The rate of inflation could top 30% by year's end, and the trade deficit threatens to reach \$2 billion—a staggering sum for a nation with a gross national product of only \$13 billion.

Gold Bug. Lisbon's foreign earnings have been badly hurt by the drastic drop in tourism. Germans, Britons and Americans who once flocked to the sandy beaches of Cascais and the Algarve have been frightened off by the political turmoil. Now falling at the rate of \$100 million per month, Portugal's foreign-currency reserves will be exhausted by the end of the year. Although Lisbon could then draw upon its huge gold stocks—worth \$5 billion at current market prices, making it the eighth largest hoard in the world—an significant sale of bullion would likely be politically explosive. The ordinary Portuguese, a notorious gold bug, would rightly regard the sale as an act of desperation.

The workers' councils, which now share in the running of big and small business, have badly crippled output. They have arbitrarily called strikes and in the fanatic *saneamento* (literally, "cleaning up") campaign, have purged



PARTY LEADERS IN CONFRONTATION: COMMUNIST CUNHAL (LEFT) v. SOCIALIST SOARES

from their plants all those accused of the undefined crime of "economic sabotage." Managers have been so harassed that many have abandoned their companies. Laborers at Lisnave, Europe's largest dry dock, have reduced work hours so much that 50% has been added to the lay-up time for ships. The nationalization of all the country's banks, insurance companies and half of its industries has brought foreign investment to a halt, even though foreign assets have been exempted. Half a dozen U.S. firms have closed up shop since the revolution began; Otis Elevator Co., for example, simply abandoned its premises to the workers. The G.N.P., which grew at an average rate of 6.2% in the 1960s and increased 8.1% in 1973, will fall a devastating 6% this year. The middle class, whose salaries have been frozen, have been crushed by the inflation; there has been an exodus of technicians to Brazil, Spain and other countries. Most workers, however, have escaped the worst effects of the soaring prices. Not only have wages more than doubled for those at the lower end of the pay scale, but paychecks keep coming even if factories are



SOCIALISTS AT RALLY IN OPORTO FOOTBALL STADIUM SCREAM SUPPORT FOR DEMOCRACY



THE WORLD

not producing. Reason: the government requires that employees be paid. The funds, of course, are ultimately provided by the treasury's printing presses, adding more fuel to inflation.

Instead of trying to restore the confidence of consumers and investors by developing an economic policy that might lead to stability, the government has been attacking unnamed foreigners for organizing a phantom "economic boycott." Although the Common Market has delayed granting Portugal aid and trade concessions, Washington—despite its worries about the present regime—has supplied Lisbon with \$15 million in aid.

If the economic decline is not checked, the M.F.A. may find itself discredited and losing popular support

Power could then fall into the waiting hands of Alvaro Cunhal and his Communist Party. Although Cunhal has undeviatingly backed the M.F.A. so far, he will probably stop at nothing to grab power when he feels the time is ripe. He made that chillingly clear in a recent interview with Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci, which was published last week by the *New York Times*. Abandoning the temperate tone he has used in previous talks with foreign newsmen, Cunhal boasted in almost brutal candor: "We Communists don't accept the rules of the election game. No, no, no; I care nothing for elections. We don't await the results of elections to change things. Our way is revolution. Portugal will never be a country of democratic freedoms."

Despite their discipline and their

well-entrenched position in key bureaucracies, the Communists command the loyalty of only a small minority of Portugal's voters. Moreover they face threats on two fronts. Ultraradical leftists, some of them Maoist in outlook, are creating local revolutionary councils of their own that could eventually rival the Communist power network. On the right are the Socialists and P.P.D., whose appeal to reason and whose commitment to democracy and moderation may yet find majority support among the military leaders. But time is getting short. Last week's events seem to signal that Portugal is approaching what may be an unavoidable watershed—where it will have to opt for either a leftist but democratic society or an uncompromising authoritarian regime.

A Spanish Communist Looks Ahead

Among the most interested observers of recent events in Portugal are members of the Spanish Communist Party. Founded in 1921, the party is strongly nationalistic and independent of Moscow, with which it officially split over the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Although banned by the regime of ailing Dictator Francisco Franco, 82, the Communists are conservatively estimated to have 12,000 members, and by their own count many more. Recently, they have enlisted a broad spectrum of individuals, including many professionals, in the *junta democrática*—an umbrella organization whose professed purpose is "to unite the opponents of the government and ultimately restore democracy" to Spain after Franco's death.

The foremost strategist is Secretary-General Santiago Carrillo, 60, who has spent the past 36 years in exile, almost all of them in France. Last week in a joint declaration with Italian Communists

Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer, Carrillo indirectly criticized the Portuguese Communists: "Socialism can only exist through the development and realization of total democracy."

To hear his views on Iberian politics, Otto Fuerbringer, Editor of Magazine Development for Time Inc., and Europe Bureau Chief William Rademaker visited Carrillo in his cottage in the Paris suburbs.

ON SPAIN'S POLITICAL SITUATION: We are at the end of the dictatorial regime of Franco, but what is not clear is what will come immediately after. Different forces are in motion. On one side are those people who talk of democracy without the participation of the Communists. On the other side there is the *junta democrática*, which includes Communists, socialists, monarchists, liberals and representatives of all economic and social classes. We want a democratic regime as one understands it in the West, with universal suffrage.

You cannot end fascism with a center-left policy that excludes the Communists. The *junta democrática* is the best solution. If the democratic forces do not come to power in Spain, the country could go the way of Portugal. By that I mean there could be a serious radicalization of the political situation, a radicalization that could include the young officers of the Spanish army. That is a great danger because the way to socialism in Western Europe must be democratic.

It is essential that Spain should not repeat the Portuguese experience. In my opinion there are many negative developments in Portugal. Soares and the Popular Democratic Party have been thrown out, and I consider it an error. I have shown and will show my disagreement with certain political aspects of the Portuguese Communist Party.

ON RELATIONS WITH MOSCOW: We are not willing to sacrifice our own interests for the interests of the countries in the East. We are a unified party. They did us a favor by supporting all those [pro-Soviet] members who disagreed with our policies and encouraging them to create a new party. This in effect purged our party of all undesirable elements.

ON THE U.S. ROLE IN SPAIN: We cannot understand the policy of the United States. It seems that there is an accord between the superpowers to prevent progressive forces from coming to power in Western Europe. The radicalization in Portugal is to a great degree the fault of the Americans. They could have stopped it.

Whether the U.S. wants it or not, Communists in Italy and Spain will share in the power of government. Why make enemies of us? We do not want to make enemies of a country as powerful as the United States. We are not proposing that the American forces withdraw from their bases in Spain. Nevertheless we think they should leave Spain one day just as the Soviets should leave Czechoslovakia. We are ready to protect American investment. We are not advocating a program of economic starvation.

ON THE POST-FRANCO PERIOD: Juan Carlos is in effect the son of Franco. All Franco's structures will have to disappear, including Juan Carlos. The *junta democrática* believes in free elections. If there is a monarchy, if the people decide they want one, then the monarch will be [Pretender to the Throne] Don Juan, not Juan Carlos. If the people decide for a republic, it will be neither one nor the other. Political parties will surface. They are almost on the surface now, and among them, of course, is the Communist Party. This will happen independent of whether Juan Carlos wants it or not. The transition will not be completely peaceful, but it will not be violent I hope.

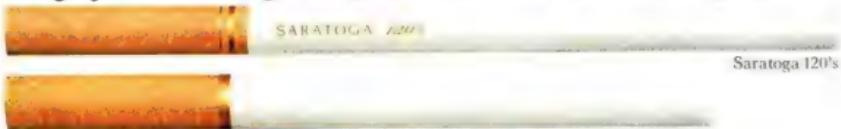
CARRILLO WITH ITALY'S BERLINGUER AT RALLY



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with shaved ice,
strain into
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Top with cherry.

Sombrero
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ANGOLA

War Among Liberators

"You can't call this civil strife anymore," said one Portuguese official in Luanda last week. "This is war." The latest and bitterest round of bloodletting between rival liberation groups had, in fact, left the Angolan capital a shambles. As thousands of whites sought to get out of the country, entire families crowded into the airport, waiting for any available flight out. Thousands of others, mostly blacks, jammed into the downtown section of the city in an effort to escape the fighting in outlying *muciques* (slums). After two hospitals closed down for lack of staff, medical teams were simply unable to cope. The wounded lay by the dozens in blood-smeared hospital corridors. Water was in short supply, and Portuguese troops had to escort convoys of trucks from food-growing areas south of Luanda.

At week's end Portuguese officials estimated that 300 had died and 1,000 had been wounded in six days of heavy fighting. So far, more than 3,000 people have been killed since Portugal announced last year that it would grant independence to Angola. The largest and richest of Lisbon's African territories and the only one still to be freed, Angola is due to become independent in November following elections to choose a representative government.

Third True. Unlike Portugal's other former territories—Guinea Bissau, Mozambique, the Cape Verde Islands, São Tomé and Príncipe—the transfer of power in Angola has been complicated by the fact that there are three rival liberation groups. To patch up their differences, Agostinho Neto, 52, head of the Moscow-oriented Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.), Holden Roberto, 50, leader of the Peking-backed National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.), and Jonas Savimbi, 40, head of the moderate National Union for Total Independence of Angola (U.N.I.T.A.), met in Kenya last month. Their agreement to keep peace in Angola—the third truce in the past year—lasted only three weeks.

The latest fighting broke out when the M.P.L.A. decided to wrest control of Luanda from the bigger and better armed F.N.L.A. Using the truce as a cover, M.P.L.A. troops attacked and destroyed F.N.L.A. offices in Luanda, forcing its leaders to flee to the north of the country. Fearful for their lives and property, storekeepers and many industries shut down. As food and fuel ran out, the Portuguese High Commissioner, General Antônio da Silva Cardoso, appealed to the United Nations for emergency relief supplies.

The government in Lisbon, which in the past has generally favored the M.P.L.A., was not anxious to get involved. But last week in an emergency meeting, Lisbon's Revolutionary Council

agreed to send 2,000 reinforcements to beef up its 24,000 troops still in the territory. At the same time, Portuguese Foreign Minister Ernesto Melo Antunes flew to Luanda to plead for peace.

Meanwhile, the rush was on to get out. More than 100,000 of Angola's 500,000 whites have already left the territory, and most of the others are desperately eager to leave. Regular commercial flights to Lisbon were augmented by Portuguese air force shuttles. Swissair agreed to evacuate 3,000 people immediately and 10,000 within the next

month. A steady stream of black Angolans, many of whom had retreated to Luanda when they were caught in M.P.L.A.-F.N.L.A. fighting in the north and east, were fleeing southward. There, U.N.I.T.A., which has remained neutral in the fighting, is in control, and the countryside is still peaceful.

"The F.N.L.A. won't take this lying down," said a diplomat in Luanda. "They'll be back for another go." Indeed, at week's end some 5,000 F.N.L.A. regulars were reported massing north of the capital.

MIDDLE EAST

Another Hitch in Disengagement

"It has taken eight years for the Israelis to withdraw ten miles. Now they want another five years for another 20 miles. At this rate, it will take them 50 years to get out of Sinai."

That was the rationale offered by one Egyptian spokesman last week for a diplomatic move by Cairo that caught Jerusalem and Washington by surprise. With the latest mandate for the United Nations peace-keeping forces in the Sinai due to expire this week, Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy announced that Egypt would not agree to extend it unless immediate progress is made in reaching a second-stage disengagement agreement with Israel. Fahmy's threat raised the possibility that the blue-bearded U.N. wedge between Israeli and Egyptian forces in the desert peninsula might have to be pulled out, that peace negotiations might break down, and that an inadvertent step by either side might lead to another Middle East war.

Fahmy's warning reflected Egyptian exasperation at the indecisive results of recent talks in Bonn between Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin (TIME, July 21). Egypt had hoped this latest in a long series of Sinai discussions would produce an agreement under which Israeli troops would withdraw to the eastern edge of the strategic Mitla and Giddi passes. Instead, Rabin asked for further "clarifications" from Cairo.

Empty Bluff. In Cairo's view, the Israelis are stalling in order to keep negotiations churning on through 1976; in an election year, Washington is unlikely to lean heavily on Jerusalem to make any settlement that would displease American Jewish voters.

The Egyptian move was wholly unexpected, especially since Kissinger seemed to be making progress toward the kind of agreement that Cairo wants. U.S. Ambassador to Egypt Herman Eilts, who apparently had no inkling of Fahmy's announcement, flew from Cairo to Washington the same day for a Kissinger briefing on the Secretary's talks with Rabin. Kissinger himself called the move "disturbing" and "extremely un-



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Trying to avoid the spaghetti.

fortunate." Israelis insisted that the Egyptian threat was an empty bluff by Cairo to increase Washington's pressure on Israel. In any case, Rabin told the Knesset, "Israel is not a country that makes a practice of accepting dictates." Rabin sent Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz back to Washington to confer again with Kissinger on the two principal points still outstanding in any Sinai agreement: the extent of the Israeli withdrawal and the details of an electronic early-warning system around the passes. Kissinger is trying to bring the two sides to a point where there will be accommodation enough between them for him to attempt a final ten-day shuttle next month.

Rabin's don't-push-me attitude is obviously bolstered by Israel's national mood. Recent polls indicate that 60% of Israelis want to hold on to the Mitla and Giddi passes. Last week some 10,000 people at a rally sponsored by the right-wing opposition Likud Bloc

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stoned the U.S. embassy in Tel Aviv to protest American pressure on Israel to make concessions. They carried signs with anti-Kissinger statements. Read one: "Dr K.—we shall not win you another peace prize with our blood."

Arabs are equally emphatic that Israel must give up some occupied territory—and give it up soon. In Jeddah last week, where they gathered under the auspices of Saudi Arabia's King Khalid, representatives of 40 Islamic nations approved a resolution to expel Israel from the U.N. General Assembly for foot-dragging on withdrawal and refusing to deal with the Palestinians. Anwar Sadat flies to Kampala, Uganda, next week for a meeting of the Organization of African Unity, at which motions similar to the one adopted in Jeddah will be introduced—but probably voted down. Many black African nations are annoyed because Arab oil states have raised prices but given them inadequate help to combat the resulting inflation; they also lament the loss of Israeli technical-aid programs that they had cut off to demonstrate their solidarity with the Arabs.

Another anti-Israeli resolution will surface—and will probably be approved—at a meeting of nonaligned nations next month in Lima, Peru. Actually, it seems unlikely that Israel could be thrown out of the U.N. entirely, since the U.S. is committed to cast a Security Council veto to prevent that from happening. But Israel could be suspended from the General Assembly as South Africa was last year.

ominous Precedent. At week's end the big unanswered question was whether Egypt would go ahead with its threat and demand the removal of the U.N. troops in the Sinai. The whole problem of ending the mandate, as one Israeli diplomat in Jerusalem put it, is "a plate of legal spaghetti." Legally, the U.N. Security Council supervises both the peace-keeping forces in the Sinai and the observers on the Golan Heights, and last week Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim began summoning Council members to discuss how the mandate could be kept alive. Practically speaking, however, the U.N. troops could not remain in place if one side demanded their ouster. If they were forced out by Egypt, the situation could be ominous—and there is a disturbing precedent. In May 1967, Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser demanded a similar pullout of U.N. forces for their own safety in the face of "Israeli aggression" and Egyptian defensive moves. The late Secretary-General U Thant complied. Eighteen days later, the Six-Day War erupted. The Israelis were betting that Cairo would back down, partly because of fail-safe ambiguities in Fahmy's letter, partly because they are convinced that Egypt is not remotely prepared for another war. Jerusalem even suspected that Fahmy was a straw man setting up the issue so that Sadat could knock it down.

ITALY

Red Rule in Fiat City

In the baroque council chamber of Turin's city hall—known as the *Sala Rossa* (Red Room) because of its lavish crimson brocade—Councilman Diego Novelli last week presided over an unusual ceremony. Because he amassed a higher vote total than Turin's 79 other councilmen in recent municipal elections, Novelli won the privilege of supervising the selection of a new mayor from among them for Italy's second largest (after Milan) industrial city. The outcome was preordained. When all 80 votes had been tallied, Novelli, the nervous, chain-smoking Turin editor of the Communist newspaper *L'Unità*, announced: "In keeping with the requirement for an absolute majority, I hereby proclaim the elected mayor of the city of Turin to be Councilman Diego Novelli." Thus amid pomp and glitter Novelli became the Piedmont city's first Communist mayor in 25 years, and Turin became the biggest city in Western Europe (pop. 1.2 million) under Red control.

Notable Gains. Novelli's election was the most notable of the Communist gains—made largely at the expense of the Christian Democrats—in Italy's regional and municipal elections last month (TIME, June 30). Last week also, Liguria joined the three regions of Italy's longtime "Red Belt"—Emilia-Romagna, Tuscany and Umbria—when a Communist-led coalition took control of the regional council. Red-dominated coalition governments are also expected to win power in the Piedmont region, Venice and possibly Naples.

The shift alarms the Christian Democrats, who fear that the Turin pattern is spreading across Italy like an oil stain and could even undermine the shaky national government's center-left coalition. Few citizens of the affected cities and regions appear to be concerned. One reason is that the new Communist officials could scarcely be more inept than the bumbling moderates they will re-



NOVELLI GIVING HIS FIRST SPEECH AS MAYOR



place. In Turin, for instance, one official of a previous Christian Democratic administration spent large sums to lay down a set of streetcar tracks; they were immediately paved over when another official declared the street one-way.

By contrast, the Communists have built up a surprisingly good record as conscientious, honest administrators in running such Red Belt towns as Ferrara, Modena, Perugia, Siena and Pisa. In keeping with Communist practice, Novelli will turn over his mayor's salary to the party and receive back a stipend equivalent to the wages of a skilled factory worker.

The most famous example of competent Communist government is Bologna (pop. 500,000), which has been party-run for 30 years. Under Mayor Renato Zangheri, 50, a one-time economics professor who last month was overwhelmingly elected to a second term, Bologna has almost become a model city. The town's historic center has been preserved by renovating housing with public funds and subsidizing rents to persuade people to live there. Draconian traffic controls ban automobiles from large sectors of the inner city; free rush-hour transit service further persuades people to leave automobiles at home. To aid working mothers, Bologna has built 300 nursery schools, which are maintained with municipal funds. "That Zangheri," says Novelli admiringly, "is a golden monster when it comes to administration."

Orderly Growth. Turin's new mayor can only hope to be equally effective in revitalizing his city. In his inaugural speech last week, Novelli called on fellow citizens of all political hues to join him in "a great experiment in urban reconstruction." It will not be an easy chore. In Bologna, growth was orderly and the population remained homogeneous. Turin, on the other hand, was barely able to cope with its post-war economic miracle. As southern migrants rushed to Turin's factories, the city grew by half a million people in the years between 1951 and 1971. This explosion stretched the city's facilities and services to the limit, dissolved neighborhoods, mottled the city's appearance with cheaply built, unimposing buildings and mutilated any sense of community.

The city grew haphazardly as speculators, darting through loopholes in the zoning laws, did most of the building. Classrooms are so scarce that some city schools operate on triple shifts. Traffic is so chaotic that it takes some workers five hours to get to and from their jobs. Novelli intends to streamline and reduce the municipal bureaucracy; he also wants to add 2,000 new classrooms and improve housing. Financing all this will be hard because recession hit Turin heavily. Today unemployment is up 25% from a year ago and is still rising as further cutbacks loom. Transportation will be especially difficult. The

mayor wants to give streetcars and buses priority over automobiles, a heretical idea in the Detroit of Italy—Fiat is by far the city's dominant employer. Even Novelli admits that "in Turin, the automobile is like a pagan god."

Chaotic Sameness. He concedes that it is impossible to tear down all the jerry-built construction and start anew. But he hopes to "give the city back its face and character." The mayor, who still lives in the working-class quarter of Borgo San Paolo, remembers his youth: "My parents used to take me to the Piazza Sabotino for ice cream. They met their friends; I saw my schoolmates. There was a hedge row we called the Viale dei Sederi [Bottom Boulevard] because of the great row of buttocks of people sitting there talking. Nowadays Piazza Sabotino looks like the track at Le Mans—no trees, no benches, just traf-

fic and the chaotic sameness of the rest of the city." Someday Novelli, in what may be his most radical plan, also wants to expropriate idle land across the Po from Turin and convert it into a massive municipal park.

Turin's capitalists have been cautiously neutral toward the new administration. Former Christian Democratic Mayor Giovanni Porcellana, who looks forward to leading a "regenerative opposition," admits that "so far [the Communists] sound like Northern European Social Democrats." A lot of Italians will put the emphasis on that "so far."

For his part, Novelli insists that "we're not out to Bolshevikize Turin." He describes himself primarily as a concerned Torinese rather than a dogmatic Marxist. "I've been to Moscow several times," he says. "With all our problems here, I'd still rather live in Turin."



MAKARIOS AT RUINED PRESIDENTIAL PALACE JUST BEFORE DELIVERING SPEECH

CYPRUS

Marking a Mournful Anniversary

They came from all over war-divided Cyprus and stood for hours under the blazing midsummer sun outside the blackened ruins of the presidential palace in Nicosia. Greek Cypriots—old women in black, stalwart white-haired peasants, city people of all classes and ages—had gathered to hear their President, Archbishop Makarios. With theatrical gestures and a tone of moral outrage, he denounced the coup attempt by Greek extremists that a year ago had led directly to the Turkish occupation of almost half of the island and the shattering of the then quiescent Mediterranean tourist paradise.

Many among the 20,000 people who heard Makarios speak last week were

relatives of the 6,500 Greek Cypriots killed or missing during the coup and the subsequent Turkish invasion. They came expecting to hear Makarios denounce the now defunct Greek military junta and its allies in the Cypriot EOKA-B terrorist underground, whose reckless attempt to seize power had led to the island's division. They were not disappointed. "This is an ill-omened day and a mournful anniversary," said Makarios in his nasal twang. "When on the morning of that day the putschists struck and in their paranoid mania brought down the presidential palace, they at the same time opened the gates and let in Turkey, which had awaited the opportunity."

Makarios' fiery denunciation of the

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junta and the EOKA-B may have provided emotional satisfaction for the Greek Cypriots. But he disappointed some of his audience by referring only obliquely to the sad facts of Cyprus' current condition, over which he has little control. One year after the coup attempt, there is virtually no prospect for a quick settlement of the Cyprus question—certainly none that would enable the 200,000 Greek-Cypriot refugees to return to their homes in the Turkish-held sector, which they fled during last year's war. Addressing a special session of the Cyprus House of Representatives, Makarios' deputy, Glafkos Clerides, sadly admitted that he did not expect any immediate efforts to put into effect the unanimous U.N. resolution on Cyprus, which calls for the withdrawal of all foreign (meaning Turkish) troops and the return of all refugees to their homes.

New Reality. Clerides represents the Greek Cypriots in the peace negotiations with Turkish-Cypriot Leader Rauf Denktas that have been taking place in Vienna under the personal supervision of U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. A third phase of the talks is scheduled to start this week, but there is little hope of breaking the deadlock that has existed since they began last April. Clerides has proposed a multiregional federation, with Turkish Cypriots free to concentrate in their own separate areas scattered throughout the island. That would allow Greek Cypriots to return to their homes. The Turks insist, however, that the Greek Cypriots accept the "new reality"—meaning the present partition of the island into separate Greek and Turkish sectors linked by a central government in which power would be shared equally by both sides.

The Turks have every interest in maintaining the existing division of Cyprus. For one, they have long feared that *enosis* (the EOKA-B's cherished wish for union with Greece) would result in their persecution by the Greek majority. Now, though they make up only 17% of Cyprus' population of 634,000, the Turkish Cypriots occupy 40% of the island, including all of its prosperous northern areas. Clerides has complained bitterly that the Turkish government is settling thousands of Turks from the mainland in homes on Cyprus formerly occupied by Greeks.

At the same time, Ankara is under little diplomatic pressure to compromise with the Greek side. The U.S. arms embargo to Turkey has disrupted relations between Washington and Ankara without making the Turks any more conciliatory on Cyprus. At the strong urging of the Ford Administration, the U.S. Senate last May voted to resume some military shipments to Turkey; the House will probably vote on the measure this week. Meanwhile, Turkey has temporarily rescinded its threat to close down the two dozen U.S. bases there—at least until the House votes.

On Cyprus, the Turkish community last week began to commemorate an anniversary of its own—the July 20 "liberation by the Turkish peace operation" (meaning military invasion) that brought about the island's division. The Turkish sector was ablaze with thousands of bright red Turkish flags unfurled for the occasion. Significantly, no one seemed to be showing any Cyprus

flags. That contrasted markedly with the chastened Greeks, who displayed only the flag of the island itself: a gold map of Cyprus encircled by an olive-branch garland on a white background. For the first time ever, the blue-and-white Greek banners that invariably headed any kind of Greek-Cypriot demonstration in the past were completely absent. The dream of *enosis* is dead.

LATIN AMERICA

Collision Course on the Canal

Theodore Roosevelt considered its acquisition "the most important action I took in foreign affairs." Laying claim to the 550-sq.-mi. Panama Canal Zone indeed entailed a classic shake of the Big Stick—and so it may again. At his press conference in Minneapolis last week, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger worried aloud that the quasi-U.S. colony, which straddles the strategic waterway that links the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, could become the focus of "a kind of nationalistic guerrilla type of operation that we have not seen before in the Western Hemisphere." He was referring to the very real prospect of a bloody clash between U.S. troops in the zone and angry Panamanians who want to gain control of the canal by force.

The U.S. acquired sovereignty over the zone "in perpetuity" in 1903, as a reward for helping Panama to achieve its independence. Roosevelt had sent U.S. gunboats to protect a Panamanian national uprising—funded by private American and French interests—against the territory's Colombian rulers. In exchange for control of the Canal Zone, the U.S. paid a total of \$10 mil-

lion to the fledgling national government and agreed to pay \$250,000 annually in rent. Building the canal cost the U.S. an additional \$336,650,000. It is now an international commercial convenience rather than U.S. military necessity: in fiscal 1974, 149.7 million long tons of shipping passed through it. Most of the traffic is American, though the canal is open to all. In recent years, the Panamanians have been galled by what they regard as humiliatingly one-sided and outdated arrangement. In 1964, a series of bloody, nationalistic riots against American control of the canal left 26 people dead. The U.S. thereupon agreed to renegotiate its 1903 treaty status, with the eventual goal of returning the canal to Panamanian sovereignty.

Slow Steps. Last year Panama and the U.S. signed an eight-point agreement in principle on how to proceed with the negotiations. Brigadier General Omar Torrijos, Panama's dictatorial but populist strongman, hopes for a "step-by-step and orderly process of demilitarization and neutralization of the canal." But the steps have been slow, and the two sides are still well apart.

SHIPS TRaversing PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS AT PACIFIC END OF PANAMA CANAL



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	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
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Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand K (Menthол)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthол)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthол)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthол)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	4	0.3
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Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
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**Carlton
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BRIGADIER GENERAL OMAR TORRIJOS
A restraining influence.

The U.S. through Chief Negotiator Ellsworth Bunker, has offered, in essence, a gradual ceding of partial sovereignty and Panamanian participation in the canal's operation and defense, but it wants to retain unlimited access for both civil and military aircraft to some zone airports. Panama wants all U.S. military installations phased out and, equally unacceptable to the U.S., total control of the zone and the canal itself.

High Feelings. Last month the House of Representatives got into the act by taking the unprecedented—and perhaps unconstitutional—step of voting to withhold any appropriations to pay for further negotiations (TIME, July 21). It was a sign of how high feelings run over the issue, both in Congress and, as Henry Kissinger discovered during his recent domestic forays, across the land. Former Army Secretary Howard Callaway—who is now Gerald Ford's campaign manager—declared that: "There's a feeling in this country that Teddy Roosevelt helped the Panamanians get their independence, negotiated the treaty, paid for it, conquered yellow fever and brought them their sole economic enterprise. There's the feeling that the canal is enormously valuable, that we paid for it, and it's ours." More than one-third of the Senate—enough to block ratification of a new treaty—also opposes any change in the old relationship. President Ford issued a statement that he "shares many of [the opponents'] feelings."

Torrijos has tried to restrain Panamanians, particularly the country's 24,000 volatile students, from launching assaults on the 39,200 "Zonians"—American servicemen, their families and employees of the Panama Canal Zone Co. "If it was not for this direct contact between Torrijos and the students, there could be a confrontation," says one young Panamanian activist. Torrijos' own reassuring refrain is that "we should not look at things negative-

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ly." He has tried to enlist the support of members of the Organization of American States and Third World countries of the United Nations behind his sovereignty campaign.

Panama's reason for wanting the canal and the zone is not hard to understand. The zone is a lush green enclave of middle-class prosperity surrounded by teeming poverty. Within it are seven golf courses, riding clubs, movie theaters, yacht clubs and tennis courts. Zonians buy their food and household goods at commissaries, where prices are often lower than in the U.S. Fresh oysters and other Stateside delicacies are flown into the area's genteel clubs and restaurants. It is a world of Southern comfort, and Southern mores. The chief beneficiary of all this is the U.S. Southern Command headquartered in the zone. The Command is ostensibly for defense of the entire Latin American region, but one of its specific tasks is defending the canal itself. Panamanians,

housewife. "One day it could be grenades." Like the Roosevelt-minded lobby in Congress, the Zonians' stated reluctance to give up the Canal has an anachronistic—but ominous—ring.

Bringing Down a Ban

The diplomatic and economic quarantine of Cuba by the Organization of American States has been tough to sustain—and equally tough to get off the books. Last year, before a meeting of OAS foreign ministers in Quito, it seemed like a good bet that delegates of pro-Cuba countries had rounded up the two-thirds majority needed to vote out the ten-year-old embargo, which now throws only a very tattered curtain around Castro's island. Much to everyone's surprise, the anti-embargo forces fell two votes short, chiefly because the U.S. delegation took a studied attitude of "negative neutrality" on the issue. It did not oppose the initiative, but it did not support it either.

Last week the 24 OAS members began a twelve-day meeting in San José, Costa Rica. This time the odds were even stronger that the embargo would end. Reason: Washington has become more positive, not toward Cuba directly but toward the freedom of Latin American nations to pursue their own course on the matter.

Technically, the OAS ministers are meeting to amend the 1947 Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance (the Treaty of Rio), under which the embargo was initially imposed. The aim was to drop the two-thirds majority provision on the lifting of sanctions and replace it with a simple majority vote. The change requires a two-thirds majority, but at least 14 of the 21 Rio Treaty signers were expected to go along.

No Plans. The U.S. contribution has been to affirm that bilateral relations between OAS members and Cuba are essentially private affairs. If the treaty amendment passes, the U.S. is ready to attend a second OAS meeting where members will consider a resolution releasing them from their obligations under the embargo. The U.S. will support the resolution, in effect accomplishing what was not done at Quito: lifting the ban by a two-thirds vote. (Reason for another meeting: without it, the Rio Treaty amendment would have to be ratified individually by member states, a process that could take years.) Then, said one U.S. observer, "each country will be able to do as it pleases."

Many Panamanians seem resigned to the likelihood of bloodshed. A few have left; but most are digging in. They avoid nearby Panama City. "Even little children in some parts of the city throw stones at us when they see our Canal Zone license plates," says one Zonian.

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Many already have, and that is the problem as the U.S. sees it. So far, seven Rio signatories have ignored the treaty in order to maintain or establish diplomatic relations with Cuba, including, most recently, Venezuela and Colombia. Although the U.S. has no plans to soften soon its own stance on Cuba, it is accepting the inevitable. It now prefers that the OAS formally end the ban rather than doing it *de facto*.



including General Torrijos, see it more as a huge occupying army.

The zone operates its own courts, hospital, schools and even postal service, but few of the 15,000 Panamanians who work there share in the luxury. They remain largely an underclass: of 214 Canal pilots, for example, only two are Panamanian, the rest U.S. citizens. Outside the zone, per capita income averages about \$1,000 annually, dropping to \$123 for the lowest fifth of the population. Inside the zone, it approximates the U.S. middle class norm. Until recently, even the zone's water fountains were segregated—for Zonians only, others for the Panamanians.

Many Zonians seem resigned to the likelihood of bloodshed. A few have left; but most are digging in. They avoid nearby Panama City. "Even little children in some parts of the city throw stones at us when they see our Canal Zone license plates," says one Zonian.

HISTORICAL NOTES

13,175 Miles Around the Yard

He was literally the master builder of the Third Reich—designing the monumental edifices that fulfilled his Führer's passion for grandeur—as well as the man who kept the Nazi war machine supplied. Now Albert Speer is content with more modest projects: writing his memoirs. When it was published six years ago, his *Inside the Third Reich*—a devastatingly intimate look at life within Hitler's inner circle—became an instant bestseller in West Germany and reached a wide audience abroad. The onetime Nazi architect in chief and Minister of Armaments and War Production has now completed a second memoir called *Spandau Tagebücher* (*Spandau Diaries*). Appearing in serialized form in the West German daily *Die Welt* beginning next week, the *Diaries* cover Speer's years as an inmate in West Berlin's Spandau War Crimes Prison for forcing millions of non-Germans to work as slave laborers in the Third Reich's factories during World War II.

Speer's new book may well stir as much interest as his first. Many historians agreed with the judgment of Britain's H.R. Trevor-Roper that he was the brightest of the top Nazis. The focus of the new work is narrower than that of his memoir of the Nazi years, since it peers introspectively at the author's difficult adjustment to life in prison.

Tax Guards. In an interview last week with TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron, Speer explained the background in which the book was written, stressing that his confinement in Spandau had a greater personal meaning for him than his important role in Nazi Germany. One reason is that the Nazi era lasted only twelve years, while Speer remained jailed in Spandau until 1966—a full 20 years. Originally built to house about 600 convicts, the mammoth, rusted prison was requisitioned after World War II by the Allies for the sole purpose of locking up Speer and six other senior Nazi officials. To this day the U.S., Russia, Britain and France maintain a special commission (and a guard force of 25 to 30 men each) to run Spandau; its only inmate is Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess, 81, serving a life sentence.[†]

Because he was never very close to his fellow inmates ("No one trusted anyone else"), Speer sought some kind of relationship with the guards. "They were not vicious," he told TIME's Byron. "Except for the Russians, they tended

[†]Of the other original inmates, Walther Funk head of the Reichsbank, Czechoslovakia's Nazi Boss Konstantin von Neurath, Hitler Youth Leader Baldur von Schirach, and Admirals Erich Raeder and Karl Doenitz were released either after completing their sentences or because of failing health.

to be lax about minor infractions of the rules. At first, prison rules were aimed at keeping us in the dark regarding political developments. If it were not for the guards, for instance, we would never have known that the Russians had blockaded Berlin and that an airlift was under way." Later, however, the prisoners were allowed to read newspapers and books.

Reading provided a major outlet for Speer's mental energy. "Spandau was truly my education," he muses. Allowed to borrow from Berlin's libraries, Speer sometimes devoured as many as 50 books a month. He also became an enthusiastic gardener. "It became my salvation," he confessed last week. Terracing, weeding and pruning, he worked at the plot in the prison yard four or five hours daily. "I became something of a landscape architect, you might say," he says—a joking reference to the architectural skills that originally brought him to the attention of Hitler.

Because writing was specifically proscribed by prison rules, Speer had to work on his memoirs secretly. Using sheets of toilet tissue, the backs of calendar pages and scraps of note paper, he wrote in an almost indecipherably small scrawl. Then he hid the notes under the sole lining of a shoe or inside a bandage kept wrapped around a leg to relieve his phlebitis. To smuggle out the scraps, Speer had the help of a few friendly guards. One of them was a Dutchman who served as a forced laborer in German factories during the war, but received what he felt was decent treatment.

Speer's dogged perseverance is demonstrated in one passage of the *Diaries*. It describes the following meeting with Hess during their regular walks around the prison courtyard: "One more hour to the Bering Straits, Mr. Hess," said

Speer cryptically. When Hess stared back incomprehendingly, Speer explained: "Years ago, you told me to count the number of times I walk around the yard. We also talked about turning the daily exercises into a big excursion. Well, we have just completed our 78,514th round and thus—on our excursion—we should be able to see the Bering Straits in the fog." "You've done that all these years," stammered Hess incredulously. "Yes, I have," replied Speer. "Eight years, five months and ten days. All in all, 13,175 miles."

From the Rubble. Speer, 70, now can do his walking in the yard of his home near Heidelberg, high above the Neckar River where he lives comfortably with his wife, Margarete. He occasionally speaks to student groups about the experience of the Nazi years, but tries to avoid commenting on present-day politics. When asked whether he sees any application of the Nuremberg principles to the U.S. role in Viet Nam, he answers: "It is not for the judge to judge the judge." Even though Speer is the only ranking Nazi to emerge from the rubble of the Third Reich with his dignity somewhat intact, it is unlikely that he will ever free himself completely from the opprobrium of having been so dedicated a servant of Nazism. When it was discovered in 1971, for example, that he had taken a hiking trip to Norway, Oslo promptly declared him *persona non grata*.

THE AUTHOR-ARCHITECT & WIFE IN HEIDELBERG TODAY



DEFENDANT SPEER AT NUERMBERG IN 1946





GLORIA VANDERBILT DOES SOME BRANCHING OUT

Add one more item to Heiress-Artist **Gloria Vanderbilt's** list of keep-busy projects. After trying her touch at painting, fabric design and collages in recent years, Gloria, 51, now hopes to market some of her artistic know-how in a new magazine. The quarterly, which is modestly called *Gloria Vanderbilt Designs for Your Home*, promises to supply how-to tips in painting, crochet, needlepoint, embroidery, quilting, knitting, rug making, sewing and other skills for ambitious homemakers. All of which may help even Creative Director Vanderbilt to pick up a new stitch or two. "I haven't a clue about how to do needlepoint," she confessed last week. "And sewing is a mystery to me."

Since they are no longer the hip Steve and Eydie of prime-time television, **Sonny and Cher** have been living their lives like a daytime soap opera. Just three days after the couple's June 27 divorce, you may recall, Cher married Rock Singer **Gregg Allman**. Her second try at wedded bliss lasted only nine days, however, before Cher returned to court to file for another divorce. Then last week while Sonny was plugging his new solo act on NBC's *Tonight Show*, who should stroll onstage for a surprise visit? None other than the prodigal Cher herself. Friends of the couple now hint that the on-camera reunion was just a first step toward a resumption of the old partnership. Locked in a \$20 million suit over their pre-divorce show-business commitments, the two are likely to settle their legal dispute by getting their stage act together for some concert and

nightclub appearances. Explained Cher to the *Tonight Show* audience: "We get along really fine; better now than we ever used to." Stay tuned.

"Good business is the best art," concludes Pop Artist **Andy Warhol** in his book, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B and Back Again)*. The book, scheduled for release in September, includes Warhol's ruminations about money ("It shouldn't be for everybody—you wouldn't know who was important"), death ("I don't believe in it, because you're not around to know that it's happened"), and his unnerving experiences as a TV talk-show guest ("I just sit there saying 'I'm going to faint'"). To promote his latest creation, Warhol has offered to autograph every copy of *Philosophy* ordered by book stores and wholesalers before July 25. At last count he had written some 12,000 signatures and was still going strong. Good business, after all, is the best art.

After a hard day at the job, some folks like to slip into something comfortable and just clown around for a while. Take Actor **Walter Matthau**, who teamed up with Son **Charles**, 13, and Stepdaughter **Lucy Saroyan**, 29 (daughter of Writer **William Saroyan**), for opening night of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in Los Angeles. While Singer **Tony Orlando** played ringmaster, Actors **Bob Newhart**, **Robert Mitchum**, **Sally Struthers** and other off-duty stars paraded into center ring on elephants, all to raise money for Project Hope. "Circus performers are without



WALTER MATTHAU & LUCY SAROYAN SIGN UP WITH THE CIRCUS

guile, thoroughly professional," said Matthau after the annual charity performance. "On opening night, you never see a case of nerves or any of that temperamental nonsense so common in the rest of show business. It's a very special and loving world."

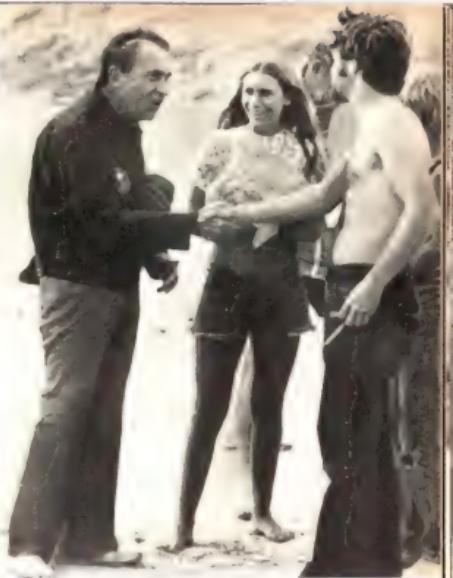
"A lot of married people who work together complain about spending so much time together," notes **Charles Bronson**, who is now making his fourth movie in 14 months with Wife **Jill Ireland**. "But Jill and I still don't seem to have enough time with each other."

MARVIS FRAZIER AND FATHER JOE PUT ON THE





JILL IRELAND & CHARLES BRONSON CLINCH FOR THE CAMERAS



NIXON ON THE BEACH AT CAMP PENDLETON, CALIF.

PEOPLE

Bronson's new film, *From Noon to Three*, shows the sullen superstar as a western bank robber and Ireland as a fetching widow. The script calls for some heavy breathing in the clinches, but apparently not enough to suit the husband-wife team. Complains Bronson: "Sometimes a whole day passes on the set before we can get a few moments to talk about something intimate."

A scant six feet of space separated Japanese **Crown Prince Akihito** and **Princess Michiko** from tragedy. The first members of the royal family to visit Okinawa in 54 years, Akihito and Michiko had stopped to place a wreath at a World War II memorial when a helmeted attacker tossed a Molotov cocktail that landed two yards from their feet. Miraculously unharmed, the couple retreated to their car while police arrested two radical students for the fire-bombing. Okinawa was the scene of 187,000 Japanese deaths during World War II, and last week's attack served as a grim reminder of the resentment for these losses that is still directed at **Emperor Hirohito** and his family.

He's got a good right hand. I mean I don't like to get hit with it," admits former Heavyweight Boxing Champ **Joe Frazier**. The right hand belongs to **Marvis Frazier**, 14, Smokin' Joe's son and newest sparring partner. "I've been trying to keep him out of here for five or six years or more," says the ex-champ who has been training at his Philadelphia gym for a Sept. 30 bout with **Muhammad Ali**. "But he keeps finding excuses to get down here and put gloves on." Marvis, a ninth-grader who stands an inch and a half taller than his father and has a longer reach, worries about his weak left hook. Still, he is considering a pro career in the ring. Promises Papa: "If he did decide to get into it, he would have the best trainers in the world. And he wouldn't have to worry about getting a fair shake." No, sir.

While former President **Richard Nixon** was enjoying a barefoot walk in the Southern California sun last week, some of his presidential papers were facing

the light of day as well. An estimated two tons of Nixon memorabilia were shipped from San Clemente to the Indianapolis offices of the *Saturday Evening Post* (now a homey revival heavy on nostalgia). The magazine, which still employs Nixon's daughter **Julie Eisenhower** as a consulting editor, hopes to use the borrowed documents for several articles on the Nixon presidency, including one feature by psychologists explaining the differences in public reaction to Watergate. Or, as Republican Publisher **Cory Ser Vaas** put it, "how some groups rise up in righteous wrath to join in a stone throwing and lynching while the other extreme prefers to see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

Can you imagine anyone else for this part?" asked Greek Film Producer **Nico Mastorakis**, 34. "Aristotle Onassis was a wealthy Zorba the Greek. Whenever I thought of Onassis on the screen I thought of **Anthony Quinn**. With a \$6 million budget, Mastorakis signed up Quinn, the movie Zorba, to portray Onassis in the film *Titanic Since Jacqueline Onassis* has not responded to a \$1 million offer to portray herself, says the producer, he is thinking of **Julie Christie** in Jackie's role and **Irene Papas** as Opera Singer **Maria Callas**, one of the many women in Ari's life. Despite the potentially volatile subject matter of his movie, Mastorakis is sure that his biography will be considered evenhanded. With so many of Ari's influential acquaintances to be depicted, he says "we need two writers and a dozen good lawyers to write the script."

GLOVES FOR SOME FRIENDLY SPARRING





FRAMED BY SOYUZ & APOLLO LAUNCHES, A TV VIEW OF VALERY KUBASOV, ALEKSEI LEONOV & THOMAS STAFFORD ABOARD SOVIET CRAFT

SPACE

Hands All Round and Four for Dinner

Seen by millions of earth-bound television viewers against the dark background of space, the deliberate, exquisitely choreographed ballet of the two spacecraft looked like something out of Stanley Kubrick's 1968 film *2001*. Gliding silently 140 miles high over the Atlantic, the U.S. Apollo made its slow, gingerly approach to the beetle-shaped Soviet Soyuz, whose features appeared so clearly on TV screens that sunlight could be seen glinting off its winglike solar panels. Then came the slight bump as the two ships, now somewhere over the North Atlantic, made contact. "We have succeeded!" Apollo Commander Tom Stafford exulted awkward Russian. Replying in English, Soyuz's skipper Aleksei Leonov exclaimed, "Soyuz and Apollo are shaking hands. Good show!"

With that simple exchange, the

Apollo and Soyuz crewmen celebrated an impressive technological achievement: the first rendezvous and docking of spacecraft of two different nations. Next on their agenda was a round of high-altitude, high-budget diplomatic theater carefully scripted for maximum political impact. Thus three hours after the docking, the TV cameras winked on inside the surprisingly spacious Apollo

Smiling Faces. Drifting freely inside the cylindrical-shaped docking module linking the two spacecraft, Stafford and his crewmate Donald K ("Deke") Slayton went through an elaborate checklist as they prepared to open the safelike docking door separating them from the Soyuz crewmen. At times the mission controllers in Houston had to remind the astronauts not to obstruct the view of the cameras ("Could you move to the left or right, please?")

Finally, Slayton tugged on a large handle-like latch, and the door swung open, exposing the smiling faces of the two waiting Russians. Stafford called out ebulliently, "Tovarich friend!" Leonov's reply: "Very, very happy to see you. How are things?"

Stafford and Slayton crawled into the Soyuz and shook hands and exchanged bear hugs with Leonov and his fellow crewman, Valery Kubasov. Then they traded gifts, including flags and commemorative plaques; Leonov, a gifted amateur painter, gave the astronauts sketches he had done of them. After some small talk the four, plus Astronaut Vance Brand back in Apollo, sat back to listen to greetings from their national leaders. Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, in a message relayed by mission controllers outside Moscow, hailed the meeting in space as marking a "new

SOVIET AMBASSADOR ANATOLY DOBYNIN (FOREGROUND) & NASA CHIEF JAMES FLETCHER WATCH LIFT-OFF FROM KENNEDY SPACE CENTER



page in the history of research." President Ford, sitting in front of a TV camera at his desk in the Oval Office, spoke with the crewmen directly. In the nine minutes he took to applaud the flight ("a very great achievement") and interview the five men in the engaging fashion of a substitute talk-show host, the linked spacecraft, coasting at 17,500 m.p.h., traveled all the way across the Soviet Union.

Soggy Borsch. Their first act of showbiz détente out of the way, the astronauts and cosmonauts settled down to other activities, including a meal four of them shared aboard Soyuz. Stafford bolted down three tubs of soggy borsch, only to resort to three Lomotil pills later. Soon it was show time again; as the lights and TV cameras clicked on for a joint press conference, the crews answered questions relayed from newsmen in Houston and Moscow. Leonov, fielding a question about the relative merits of Soviet and American space food proved himself a deft diplomat. Said he: "It is not what you eat but with whom you eat that is important."

By the time the spacecraft parted company on Saturday, the two teams of spacemen had spent some 44 hours linked together. As Apollo pulled away, it blotted out Soyuz's view of the sun, creating an artificial solar eclipse that the cosmonauts photographed for astronomers. The ships then redocked briefly in a retest of the docking system, but this time the hatches remained closed. Before long the ships separated for the last time. As Soyuz pulled ahead under a gentle thrust from its rockets, the spacemen bade each other a final radio farewell. "Mission accomplished," said Leonov. "Good show," said Stafford.

If all went according to plan, Soyuz would spend another day and a half in space before landing July 21 under its single large parachute in the deserts of Kazakhstan, east of the Russians' Baikonur launch site. The Apollo crewmen, whose ship has far greater fuel and oxygen capacity than the smaller Soyuz, planned to stay in orbit another three days after the Russians landed, to conduct a series of experiments.

At 5:19 p.m. E.D.T. on July 24 after nine days aloft, Apollo is scheduled to come down in the Pacific some 345 miles west of Honolulu, where choppers from the helicopter carrier *New Orleans* will be ready to pluck the men and capsule out of the sea. Almost certainly, it will be the last such splashdown. In the future U.S. astronauts will touch down on runways, using the space shuttle—a cross between plane and rocket—scheduled for its first test flight in 1979.

For all the patent diplomatic puffery attending it, the great U.S.-Soviet space show commanded considerable attention round the world. Interest and approval were probably greatest in the Soviet Union, where Moscow, in a sharp reversal of past practices, gave the mission prolonged press buildup and pro-

vided extensive live coverage in an apparent effort to dramatize détente to the Soviet man in the street (see box next page). Outside the U.S. and the Soviet Union, admiration of the Apollo-Soyuz flight was sometimes mixed with doubts about its diplomatic implications. Echoing a concern often heard in France, as well as in some Third World countries that détente means that Washington and Moscow are building a condominium of world power, the Paris daily *Le Figaro* posed a question: "Would the handshake in outer space, by accident be a menace for the rest of the world, crushed under the two giant rivals who embrace over our heads?"

Though much of the suspense and excitement of earlier, more daring space missions was absent, the joint venture had its moments—and its anxieties. At Baikonur, the remote Soviet launch site

contents everywhere. (Joked Stafford: "We now have a strawberry-colored spacecraft.") A hitchhiking Florida mosquito was discovered buzzing around inside the spacecraft, and the crew's first night of sleep was interrupted twice when gremlins in the Apollo's intricate circuitry accidentally set off automatic alarms.

One potentially serious problem involved the Apollo's so-called docking probe, a bulky, 2-ft.-long piece of hardware that was used early in the flight to extract the docking module from its berth inside the second stage of the Saturn booster. When the time came, the astronauts found that they could not remove the probe; it blocked the entrance to the docking module and thus imperiled, among other joint activities, the historic handshake. Astronaut Vance Brand finally managed to free the probe



ALEKSEI LEONOV'S CARICATURE OF BRAND, SLAYTON & STAFFORD ATOP APOLLO

1,400 miles southeast of Moscow, the Soyuz roared off its pad only 5,000ths of a second late. At Cape Canaveral, where the launch crowd of 750,000 included such VIPs as Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, Actor John Wayne and President Ford's intern-photographer daughter Susan, the Apollo blast-off was a little tardier—about a half a second late, in fact.

Strawberry Juice. As usual, once aloft the spacemen had several minor glitches to cope with. The Russians hoped to transmit live shots of the cosmonauts during the lift-off, but the television system inside their spacecraft failed to work. Communications difficulties constantly plagued the Soyuz crewmen and their ground controllers.

The Apollo crewmen had their own problems—most of them small. A bag of strawberry juice burst, spreading its

by pushing aside a misplaced wire that had jammed the device in place.

After the linkup, there was brief concern when an acrid smell was detected inside the docking module. But soon the Apollo crewmen determined that the odor was, in fact, a harmless if eye-stinging chemical vapor released during a metal melting experiment.

For the most part, however, the exercise went off with awesome precision. On their third day in space, as the more maneuverable Apollo edged ever closer to the Soviet ship, the astronauts reported that they had sighted Soyuz as a tiny speck more than 100 miles away over the Pacific—"very difficult to distinguish from a star," said Brand, "except that it's moving relative to the background." When the ships were only 48 miles apart, Moscow control sent up word in English: "We cross our fingers."

SPACE

Then with another firing of its thruster, Apollo overtook Soyuz from below, pulled about 2,000 ft. ahead of it and gradually slowed down, narrowing the distance some more. Finally, the word came from Houston: "Moscow is go for docking. Houston is go for docking. It's up to you, guys."

At noon, when the ships came within range of a tracking station in Santiago, Chile, one of Apollo's four television cameras began sending pictures of the history-making rendezvous. Plainly visible outside Apollo's left window were the curved earth, one of the large finger-like petals of the docking module and, off in the distance, the winged Soyuz. After a few moments of maneuvering, Stafford nudged Apollo up against Soyuz so gently that there was barely a jolt at the three interlocking fingers from each ship locked together. Later at a briefing in Moscow, one of the Soviet controllers remarked that the Russians had been especially anxious during the last critical moments because, he said, films of Stafford's earlier space piloting and docking showed abrupt movements near other space vehicles. "Our docking is carried out somewhat more smoothly," said the Soviet controller. "I am glad to say that during the

final stage Tom Stafford converted to the Russian faith."

Leonov, for his part, also did some skillful converting—linguistically. "Well done, Tom, it was a good show," said the Soviet air force colonel in his colloquial English. Mission rules called for each team to speak only the other's language and the Russians proved to be far better at dealing with that assignment than the Americans.

Prideful Huzzas. Was the mission really worth its cost, which came to about \$225 million each for the U.S. and the Soviets? The Soviet leadership seems to have no doubts, as witness the prideful huzzas from the Kremlin hierarchy. Similarly, the Ford Administration, which is at least as eager to show tangible results from détente, seemed convinced that the big space trip was worth it. But other Americans are less certain. Along with critics like Russian Author Alexander Solzhenitsyn, they may wonder whether the Soviets simply got a free guide to superior U.S. technology.

Not so, says NASA Deputy Administrator George Low. He insists that it was the U.S. that learned a technological lesson from the Russians, rather than vice versa. How? Low says the joint mission exposed designers of the sophisticated

Apollo system to the functional simplicity of less costly Soviet space hardware. On his visit to the Baikonur cosmodrome, Low was astonished to find out that the pad used to send off Soyuz had launched some 300 rockets, including the first Sputnik and the spacecraft that carried Yuri Gagarin on the first manned voyage into space. Said Low: "We have learned not to overdo things when we don't have to be overdone."

The Soviet bent for simplicity, however, may not continue for long. For scientific as well as political and military reasons, the Russians can be expected to step up their space effort, launching up to six manned flights a year. Among several explosions, they may also make a new effort to send up their huge C-6 booster, which is even larger than the U.S. Saturn 5. If it works, the Russians could use it to erect a large space station, set up lunar bases and perhaps make off-manned voyages to other planets.

Measured against such ambitions, Apollo-Soyuz may turn out to be only a small footnote in the history of space. But in the glow of last week's handclasp in the sky, the mission will serve to demonstrate that the rival superpowers can cooperate and succeed in extraordinarily difficult tasks.

Tuned In, But Not Turned On

"Here they are, the first pictures of our cosmonauts!" With that exuberant introduction, Veteran Soviet Anchor Man Yury Fokin, 50, Moscow's properly graying, avuncular counterpart of U.S. television's Walter Cronkite, began his commentary on the first live broadcast from the orbiting Soyuz. Fokin's enthusiasm was typical: no event in recent years had been so ballyhooed by the Kremlin as the Apollo-Soyuz linkup.

Soviet TV devoted five hours of air time to the mission on the day of the launch, carrying the Soviet space story from the late cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin to live coverage of the Soyuz lift-off. Day after day, large headlines splashed across newspapers, pushing the official line that the joint flight was

as one edition of *Izvestia* trumpeted, an ORBIT OF COOPERATION. In Moscow, sidewalk traffic tapered off noticeably before the Soyuz launch, the first Soviet launch its citizens have ever been shown live, as shoppers gathered before TV sets to display in stores and shopwindows all over the city. Moscow residents were quietly attentive during the countdown, and lift-off applauded politely and called out "*Molodyets, odyets!*"—a Russian expression that is roughly equivalent to the American cheer "That's the way, baby."

Though almost everyone was tuned in to the television spectacular, it was difficult to ascertain how many were really turned on by the mission. One woman who had ventured into the big GUM department store near Red Square at launch time to buy a TV set grumbled that the crowds kept her from the sales counter. Asked what he thought of Soyuz's successful lift-off, a stroller along Gorky Street replied: "Oh, he has started?" A man absorbed in a chess game in a nearby park was just as blasé. "Chess is more difficult," he shrugs and turned back to his board.

There were some notable non-viewers in the Soviet Union during the launches. Troubled by a heart ailment, dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov remained in bed. "My doctor ordered no excitement," he explained. Elizabeth Taylor and other members of the cast of *The Blue Bird*, the first joint Soviet-American film production, were too busy to take time off from their filming in Leningrad to watch the lift-off; instead, they sent a fatus message to the spacemen: "If we meet in space our small bluebird of happiness, please take with you and return it to earth."

With their usual savvy in separating reality from official propaganda, ordinary Russians seemed to recognize that joint flight was a much a diplomatic exercise as a technical feat, and they were divided on its value. One laundromat watcher at the GUM store, Valery Grinov, a Moscow mathematician, suggested that the joint U.S.-Soviet mission might help "move aside the feelings of mistrust" on both sides. Another middle-aged Muscovite disagreed. "Everyone knows the political side of it," he grumped. "They have no need to talk about it."

MOSCOWITES AT GUM WATCH TELEVISED LAUNCH OF SOYUZ



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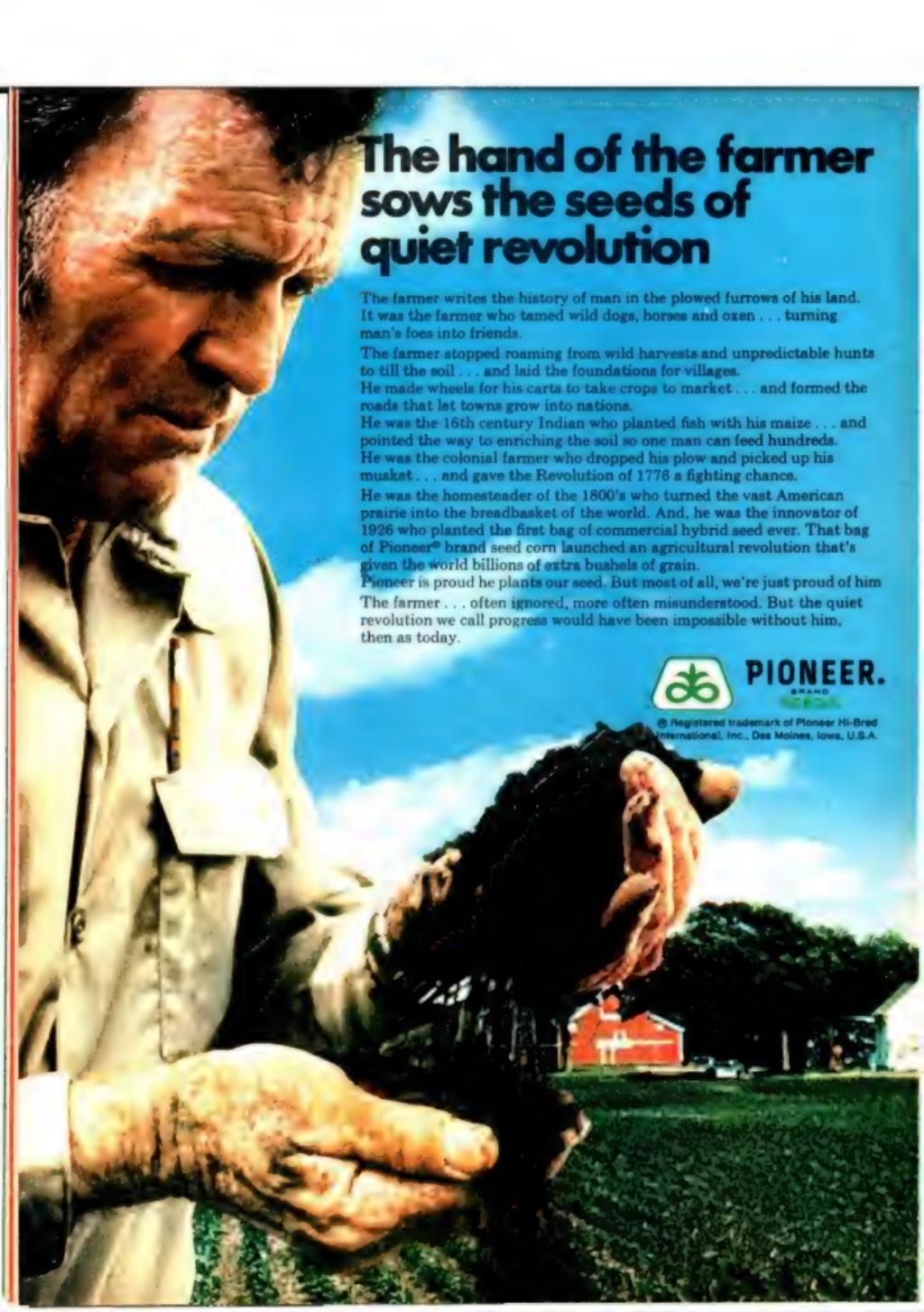
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The Sizemore Scrap

When tough-talking Barbara Sizemore agreed to become the new superintendent of schools in Washington, D.C., in 1973, she made sure that her contract provided for a public hearing before she could be dismissed. She was remarkably foresighted. Two years ago, school board members praised the District's first black woman superintendent as "brilliant," "creative" and "charismatic." Now the board says she is "combative," "volatile" and "hostile," and has voted to fire her. Sizemore's hearing is scheduled to start next week, and it promises to be as tense and noisy as any debate in the capital since Watergate.

Washington has been an uncomfortable city for school superintendents. It has had four of them in the past eight years, a revolving-door record that has generated considerable administrative chaos. In this situation, Sizemore, 47, was a particularly risky choice. While the District has 132,000 pupils (96% black) in 190 public schools and a \$186 million budget, her previous administrative experience was running three experimental schools with 3,400 pupils on Chicago's South Side. Sizemore's rhetoric landed her in trouble almost from the start. Among other things, she promised to "raise the anxiety level" in the District and "revolutionize" its schools.

New Laws. Undeniably, she raised the anxiety level. Sizemore talked earnestly about transforming the District's schools into "a model for the nation to educate blacks and the poor." Yet student achievement levels sank to new lows. Although Washington's school system is one of the best funded in the U.S.



BARBARA SIZEMORE
Raising the anxiety level.

(last year it spent \$1,628 per student), during Sizemore's reign buildings deteriorated and books and supplies frequently were not delivered to classes.

As doubts about Sizemore's performance surfaced, the composition of the board began to change. Since Congress first granted the District some home rule in 1968, the board has served as a political steppingstone; today only two members of the board that hired Sizemore in 1973 remain.

Inevitably, the members began to take sides. Says one Sizemore critic on

the board, Raymond Kemp, a white Roman Catholic priest: "She is angry, mad, feverish about the education of blacks. She can describe the education needs of black children to a T. But she is incapable of managing resources." Sizemore herself calls the mismanagement issue a "cop-out" and says that the board has interfered with her job. "The decisions are made by the board and administered by the board."

Formal Charges. The final straw came in April. Sizemore charged that the city's "white racist" power structure was responsible for the schools' problems. After a series of meetings, which her supporters frequently disrupted, the board filed 17 formal charges against her. It generally maintained that she was incompetent, and noted that she failed to prepare required financial statements and hired 430 more employees than had been authorized. Sizemore denied the charges in a 113-page report.

Three of the board's seven blacks and all four of the whites then voted to dismiss Sizemore. When it became clear that she would not quit, the board voted last week to offer her two one-year consulting contracts totaling \$50,000 if she would leave quietly and drop the remaining 14 months of her \$41,700-a-year contract. At week's end, Sizemore was considering the offer.

Meanwhile, the school system is in suspended animation: administrative jobs are vacant, a teachers' contract remains to be negotiated, next year's budget has not yet been sent to Congress, and now a new superintendent evidently must be hired. Says School Budget Director Ed Winner: "If this board found Jesus Christ under a bushel basket, he would have trouble here next year."

Here Come the Mr. Fixits

These are hard times for school superintendents everywhere. Since spring, superintendents have resigned or been asked to leave in a dozen large U.S. cities besides Washington. Among them: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis and San Francisco. In large part, the troubles besetting superintendents reflect the emergence of more politically active school board members who want to run the schools themselves. Says William Henry, associate director of the American Association of School Administrators: "The pattern developing across the country is board members as Mr. Fixits. I am not sure any superintendent can manage any big-city school system any more."

Indeed, boards and superintendents can scarcely avoid being at odds given the range of difficulties facing urban school systems today: squeezed budgets, falling student enrollments, rising teacher militancy, and in some areas still-smoldering race problems. Last week the Baltimore board fired Superintendent Roland Patterson after 12 days of raucous and acrimonious public hearings. The board charged Patterson, 47 and black, with "short changing" the city's schools (74% black) by lowering academic standards and failing to end

school violence. In Chicago, Superintendent James F. Redmond announced that he would not accept reappointment to his \$56,000-a-year job when his contract expires next month, citing "constant bickering" among the city's twelve board members and criticism of the low scores of Chicago pupils. Boston's school committee eased out William Leary as its \$47,500-a-year superintendent in April amid allegations that he went along too easily with court-ordered desegregation. Milwaukee's board dropped dapper former superintendent Richard P. Gousha largely because it did not like what critics called his "Madison Avenue touch."

A few harassed superintendents believe that a move can be therapeutic. San Francisco's new school chief, Robert Alioto (no kin to Mayor Joseph Alioto), admits that he was not sorry to leave his old superintendent's job in Yonkers, N.Y., because there the president of the local teachers' union "has a strong dislike for me." Some shell-shocked superintendents maintain that true peace is possible only through retirement. After wrestling thanklessly with budget problems for two years, Afflurence Cheatham resigned as the Cambridge, Mass., superintendent last spring, citing poor health. Says he: "There is only so much you can take. I got worn out and quit. Now I'm reading four and five books a week."



GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS PERFORMING ON THEIR SUMMER TELEVISION SHOW

MUSIC

One of the Boys

She does not have the passion of Aretha Franklin, the slim chic of Diana Ross or the earthy sexuality of Tina Turner. But whether she comes in singing sassy, sly or riding on velvet, Gladys Knight is a marvel of emotional energy. Behind her the three Pips—Brother Merald and Cousins William Guest and Edward Patten—walk, run, shuffle, tap in staccato choreographic counterpoint. With a current NBC-TV summer variety series plus a pair of Grammy awards and a platinum and two gold albums in the past two years, Gladys Knight and the Pips are considered this year's smash rhythm and blues act.

They are no overnight sensation, however. The grueling roadhouse gigs, dusty motel rooms and endless turnpike tours that attend the birth of almost every pop-music career merge in the show-business lexicon under the heading "dues paying." Hardly anyone escapes, least of all black rhythm and blues performers. This Georgia-born quartet spent nearly two decades in obscurity before finally scuffing into the big time.

Racism and Greed. If ever pop music claimed a child prodigy, it was young Gladys Knight. When she was four, her eager contralto, frequently on key, resonated through the adult ranks of Atlanta's Mt. Moriah Baptist Church choir. Three years later she won the \$2,000 first prize on Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* with a humid rendition of *Too Young*. When another cousin, James ("Pip") Wood heard

Gladys and the boys sing, he encouraged them to turn professional and gave them his nickname. In 1954 they were booked into Atlanta's Royal Peacock Supper Club. Gladys was ten years old.

A veteran of the road by the time she was 13, Gladys had learned how to press clothes under hotel mattresses as well as to avoid drug pushers and to cope with racism and greed. Before every concert the four teen-agers joined hands in a prayer circle, a ritual they continue to observe. Small-town promoters quickly spotted their vulnerability. Once after they had given two performances in Paducah, Ky., the promoter pulled out a gun and refused to pay. Says Gladys: "There was nothing we could do except leave in a hurry because we were peace-loving people."

In 1961 the group came up with a hit single, *Every Beat of My Heart*, but it was not until 1966 that they landed a Motown recording deal. With almost all the top black songwriting and performing talent under contract, Motown encouraged rabid in-house competition. To keep its producers busy, all Motown's artists often recorded the same songs, knowing that only one version would be released.

Promising songs were doled out according to Motown Chief Berry Gordy's private caste system: the Supremes, the Temptations, Marvin Gaye, and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles had first choice. Such low-priority groups as the Spinners, the Four Tops and the Pips received the leavings. "We wanted to do a gospel album long before Aretha," says Gladys, "and Berry saved the soft songs

for Diana Ross." But in 1967 a catchy soul rocker, *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*, sailed onto the charts for the Pips. Two other singles had scored for them by the time their Motown contract expired in 1973, and they quickly made a deal with Buddah Records.

Since then, Gladys and the Pips have sold \$10 million worth of records. They have extended their repertoire from soul and blues to Marvin Hamlisch and Burt Bacharach songs. Needless to say, Motown has unearthed several dozen old recordings—and the Pips have sued their former employer for \$1.7 million in disputed royalties.

Butter Cutter. Meanwhile, they gross between \$30,000 and \$50,000 a concert, have an eight-week contract with the Las Vegas Hilton and spend lucrative summer weeks playing theaters and supper clubs. Last fall Gladys, now 31, married her second husband, Barry Hankerson, an executive assistant to Detroit Mayor Coleman Young. He calls her by her middle name, Maria—Gladys, after all, is a show business celebrity. In the industry there is some gossip that success has already created a wedge in the Pips' solidarity. "When vocal groups are hungry, you can't split em with an ax," Cousin William once remarked. "As soon as success comes, all it takes is a butter cutter." Gladys scoffs, maintaining that she is content to remain one of the boys. "I'm not afraid to stand alone professionally," she says. "I simply don't want to."

Out of the Cellar

In the summer of 1967, a year after his near-fatal motorcycle accident, Bob Dylan got together with his favorite musical collaborators, The Band, near Woodstock, N.Y. Settling into a house called Big Pink, they hunkered down in the basement in front of a home recorder. Over several months, they played and sang in long informal sessions.

The tapes were not released, but over the years various tracks kept popping up in bootleg editions. Vexed by such fragmentation and by the inferior quality of the pirated versions, Dylan recently allowed Columbia to release the original material. The two-LP set, called *The Basement Tapes*, contains 24 songs, and is one of Dylan's best albums. Musically it is a transition between the assertive, nihilistic *Blonde on Blonde* (1966) and the mystical *John Wesley Harding* (1968). The tunes on *The Basement Tapes* are pithy, dense and funny. There are bizarre, surreal lyrics like *Million Dollar Bash* and traditional-sounding folk ballads like *Apple Suckling Tree*. But the album is stronger than all its songs put together. There is fellowship evident here as well as skill. It is easy to hear the group fueling each other, having a good time. They seem to sense the high quality of the music. It is a good-natured contest where everyone is a winner.

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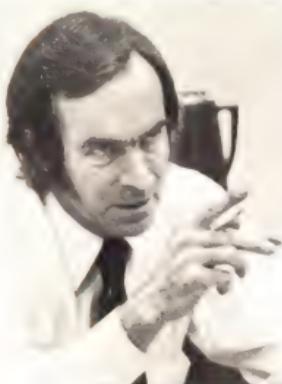
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To Catch a Falling Star

Any day now, the Federal Communications Commission will make a long-awaited ruling that could turn Washington, D.C., into a one-newspaper town. The agency is expected to decide whether or not Texas Multimillionaire Joe L. Albritton, who bought a controlling interest in the stuffy, money-losing *Washington Star* (circ. 370,000) last fall, can also acquire the parent company's six moneymaking radio and television stations as well. The FCC has a rule against perpetuating such local monopolies when ownership changes hands, but Albritton has pleaded for a waiver, saying that he needs profits from



WASHINGTON STAR EDITOR JAMES BELLows Higgins meets Doolittle.

the stations to keep the paper alive.

The FCC has not yet had to test its cross-ownership rule, but the *Star* is, to put it mildly, a special case. For one thing, the paper is the capital's only alternative to the fat, influential and steadfastly liberal *Washington Post* (circ. 536,000). For another, the *Star* is in the middle of a remarkable transformation. Albritton, 50, took over the paper last September with a \$5 million payment to descendants of the Adams, Kauffman and Noyes families that have owned it since 1867, plus a \$5 million loan to the paper. He brought in James Bellows, 52, the highly regarded former editor of the old *New York Herald Tribune* and associate editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, to put some light back into the burnt-out *Star*.

Bellows has since brightened the paper's makeup, hired irreverent Pulitzer-prizewinning cartoonist Patrick O'Phelan away from the *Denver Post*, added a progressive, young editorial-

page editor and dropped a few antediluvian columnists, and proffered readers a daily front-page "Q and A" column (one surprise subject: *Post* Publisher Katharine Graham) and "The Ear," a brassy capital gossip column.

One of Bellows' most visible innovations has been what he calls the *Star's* "writer in residence," a big-name author come to town for a stint as a columnist. The *Star's* first star: Jimmy Breslin (*How the Good Guys Finally Won*). He has been sitting in the city room since June 13, belching forth morale-boosting obscenities, and writing lively front-page impressions of such local scenes as an unnamed bureaucrat's failed seduction of a co-worker. Breslin will be followed next month by Sportscaster Dick Schaap, and in the fall by Writer Nora Ephron and New Journalist Tom Wolfe. Most of those celebrities were attracted not so much by the money (\$500 a week) as by their long friendship with former *Trib* Colleague Bellows and by the *Star's* fight for life. "The *Star* is the only place I would come to write in Washington," says Breslin. "It's no fun at the *Post*. Too big and successful, like an insurance company."

Texas-Size Losses. Successful is one thing the *Star* is not. The paper lost \$15 million in the four years before Albritton arrived. It is expected to lose another \$8 to \$10 million this year, despite an unprecedented agreement last fall by 540 employees to work a four-day week—at a 20% cut in pay—rather than face layoffs. Daily circulation has dropped 3% since Albritton took over, and recession-hit 1975 advertising revenues are down 11% from last year. According to the purchase agreement, Albritton can pull out of the deal at any time and get back his \$5 million loan. He has carefully avoided threatening to withdraw if the FCC refuses to give him relief, but he would have little incentive to suffer Texas-size losses. In the absence of any other acceptable buyer, the *Star's* owning families could elect to fold it and live off broadcasting.

The word in Washington last week was that FCC members may order public hearings before they rule. Further delay, however, may be the last thing the cash-starved paper needs. Still, Jim Bellows does not think his *Star* will fall. Says he: "There are enough people in this area who don't move their lips when they read to support two quality newspapers." Breslin is also cheering hard. "Things are changing here," he told TIME Correspondent Arthur White. "The editorial policy no longer sounds like it was written by Jefferson Davis' press secretary. The morale is good. People work hard." Breslin has only one complaint: "Albritton hasn't even bought me a drink yet. Tell him I want that drink."

The Hustler

The day after a story broke in the press alleging that the CIA had planted a spy in the White House, Colonel Fletcher Prouty telephoned CBS Newsman Daniel Schorr with the startling news that former Nixon Aide Alexander Butterfield was the man. Schorr rushed the retired Air Force officer onto the network's *Morning News* for his disclosure, which generated sensational headlines. But last week, when Butterfield denied Prouty's charges and hinted he might sue him for libel, the colonel, in an interview with his hometown paper in Springfield, Mass., expressed second thoughts. Then Prouty confused matters further with a switch back to his original story. This jack-in-the-box behavior roused questions not only about Prouty's reliability but Schorr's as well.

By week's end, grizzled Veteran Schorr, 58, thought his exposé was looking "awful." But he insists he had reason to trust Prouty because the colonel had earlier given him a rock-hard exclusive on his role in a plot to assassinate Fidel Castro. Still, Schorr concedes that he never took the time to check the Butterfield allegation with the two Air Force officers who Prouty claims gave him the information, or try very hard to reach Butterfield himself. Nevertheless, Schorr says, "I still think my only alternative was to go. We're in a strange business here in TV news. You can't check on the validity of everything."

I can't be in a position of suppressing Prouty. What if he's right? I can't play God."

The controversy is not the first to

JENNIFER BLACKSTAR



CBS NEWSMAN DANIEL SCHORR
In a strange business.

embroil Schorr in recent years. Early in the Nixon Administration he angered the President by reporting, accurately, that there was no evidence to support Nixon's claim that he had programs ready to aid parochial schools. His reward: Nixon ordered the FBI to investigate him. During Watergate, Schorr became TV's most visible investigative reporter and shared three Emmys with his colleagues. Last February Schorr moved into new territory by reporting President Ford's fear that the clamor to investigate the CIA might reveal the agency's role in foreign assassination plots. Two months later, former CIA Director Richard Helms denounced Schorr's reporting as "lies" and called him "Killer Schorr, Killer Schorr." Recent disclosures by the Senate Intelligence Operations Committee have largely vindicated Schorr.

Despite his impressive record, Schorr gets into trouble because he is often too eager and cuts corners. He has been known to behave like an anxious rookie out to impress by elbowing others aside and pushing hard. Just before the Watergate cover-up indictments, for example, he went on-camera to predict that the grand jury would name more than 40 people. Seven names came down. At CBS, Washington Correspondent Leslie Stahl cordially detests him because, she tells friends, he hogged her Watergate stories.

Lone Reporter. Schorr's manner seems abrasive. The glasses are thick, the brow is wrinkled, the voice is from a gravel pit. Hustler Schorr concedes: "I guess I'm aggressive, but I don't consider myself abrasive. I'm direct." When he is not on the prowl, he can be amiable and modest. But he has seldom been off the prowl. Schorr started quietly enough as a print reporter in 1934—seven years for minor wire agencies and five years freelancing. Later he worked for CBS abroad, mainly in Central Europe, and did not reach Washington until 1966. He married late (at 50) and skips the Washington social whirl in favor of his two small children, family life and work. His energies are boundless. He was the lone reporter on a winter Sunday evening last March waiting for Nelson Rockefeller's return from a Puerto Rico vacation. Grabbing the opportunity, Schorr got Rockefeller to admit that his CIA commission was looking into assassination plots.

Schorr receives few thanks for what he does. "When he gets something," says a CBS colleague, "people don't come around and say, 'Great job, Dan,' as they might do for others around here. They say, 'Oh Jesus, Schorr's got another scoop. How do you think he did it?' Which may explain why Schorr still sees himself as a gritty print reporter in an electronic jungle: "I'm just a refugee from newspaper work with a few tricks, wandering around in a TV world where there aren't many people doing that kind of thing."

No-Sweat Exercise

Rising sales of tennis equipment and enrollments in health clubs suggest that the U.S. is becoming a nation of fitness fiends. Yet for every jogger puffing through a park, there are probably still a dozen more Americans for whom a stiff workout is getting up during a TV commercial to fetch another beer. Most physical-fitness advocates approach this sedentary majority by exhorting or even trying to scare them into activity. But Laurence Morehouse, a physiologist at the University of California at Los Angeles, is currently winning many converts with another approach. Out since March, his new book, *Total Fitness* (Simon & Schuster, \$6.95) has already sold more than 200,000 copies and is hovering near the top of bestseller lists throughout the country on the strength of a beguiling argument: that effective exercise can be easy.

Against Exhaustion. Most exercise physiologists insist that people must exercise strenuously if they are to benefit from their activity, and they recommend daily sessions on the track or a stationary bicycle and regular workouts on a handball or squash court. Morehouse, who developed simple "cabin exercises" for the Navy and the astronauts, offers a "no-sweat" alternative. He believes that people can lose weight and keep it off simply by "saying no to an extra piece of toast in the morning and an extra ounce of Scotch at night." He maintains that people can get into good condition and stay there by exercising as little as 30 minutes a week. "We've confused exercise with athletes," says Morehouse, a firm, flat-bellied 62. "You don't have to go nearly to exhaustion to become fit."

Morehouse's program is simple. In his view, adults whose skirts or trousers fit tightly are, if not actually overweight, then "overwaisted," and need trimming. To accomplish this, they should first cut 200 calories out of their daily diets. Then they should exercise off 300 calories a day. Over a week, this would result in a "deficit" of 3,500 calories, about the same amount as in a pound of fat. "If you lose more than one pound a week,

put it back on." Morehouse advises: "When you start sweating, you're working your body too hard."

The exercises Morehouse advocates are easy—walking upstairs instead of taking elevators, standing for a total of two hours a day, and performing a ten-minute exercise routine three times a week. The routine involves limbering and stretching, "pushaways" from the wall to strengthen shoulder muscles and "sit-backs"—reverse sit-ups—to build up abdominal muscles.

More conventional physiologists commonly recommend at least 30 minutes of exercise a day. They find Morehouse's program preposterous. "It's an impossibility to develop total cardiovascular and pulmonary fitness in 30 minutes a week," says Dallas Physician Kenneth Cooper. His "aerobics" program, originally developed for the Air Force, aims at improving heart, lung and circulatory function through strenuous but graded exercises that promote the system's more efficient use of oxygen. The Morehouse book, Cooper complains, "is going to do a disservice to a person who wants to use exercise to practice preventive medicine."

Morehouse brushes aside such criticism. He argues that most exercise programs are simply too tough for the sedentary, while his regimen at least gets them up and moving. His argument is persuasive. Thousands of housewives, executives and even a few active elderly are following Morehouse's no-sweat system of exercise. Almost unanimously, they claim to be healthier than they were when they got no exercise at all.

MOREHOUSE EXERCISING



Divorced. Ringo Starr, 35, former Beatle drummer lately boogalooping it solo; in an uncontested suit by his wife of ten years, Maureen Cox, 28, a Liverpudlian hairdresser who bore him three children; on grounds of Ringo's alleged adultery with Nancy Andrews, 24, an American model whom he met on a blind date in Los Angeles last summer.

Died. Charles Weidman, 73, pioneer of American modern dance; of a heart attack, in Manhattan. Like Choreographer-Dancers Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey, Weidman studied at the famed Denishawn School in Los Angeles, leaving to found his own company with Humphrey in 1929. Seeking to choreograph the American scene, Weidman created such works as *Lynch Town*, a depiction of mob violence, and *Fables for Our Time*, based on a series of James Thurber's stories. A dedicated teacher, he numbered among his pupils José Limón and Choreographer Bob Fosse (*Cabaret*, *Chicago*).

Died. Arthur ("Zutty") Singleton, 77, innovative jazz drummer; in Manhattan. Zutty (Creole patois for cute) grew up musically in the hothouse of pre-World War I New Orleans jazz, developing a driving, fiercely rhythmic style on the snare and bass drums and was one of the first jazz drummers to use wire brushes. Until the early '30s, he played regularly with Louis Armstrong and later recorded with Charlie (Bird) Parker and Dizzy Gillespie.

Died. Elisabeth May Craig, 86, Washington correspondent for the Guy Gannett newspaper chain of Maine from 1926 to 1965; after a long illness; in Silver Spring, Md. Craig marched in a suffragette parade at Woodrow Wilson's inauguration, and later vigorously protested her exclusion from all-male press gatherings in Washington. She earned colleagues' respect for her "dodge-proof" questions and barbed repartee at the press conferences of five Presidents. When F.D.R. once lamely admitted, "That wasn't much of an answer, was it?" Craig shot back, "No." Her hair in a bun under one of dozens of Easter-bonnet hats, she also queried officials in a come-out-and-fight soprano voice for many years on *Meet the Press*.

Died. James Chapin, 88, American painter; of an apparent heart attack; in Toronto. Chapin's spare, muscular style, which he called "environmental realism" developed during five years of sketching the Marvins, a hardscrabble New Jersey farm family he lived with in the mid-1920s. Beginning in 1955, he painted dozens of TIME covers, including Adlai Stevenson, Jawaharlal Nehru, Boris Pasternak and Edward Hopper.



PAUL NEWMAN & GAIL STRICKLAND TAKING A SERIOUS DUNKING IN POOL

CINEMA

Appointed Rounds

THE DROWNING POOL

Directed by STUART ROSENBERG
Screenplay by TRACY KEENAN
WYNNE, LORENZO SEMPIE JR
and WALTER HILL

Come to think about it—and there is plenty of time to do so in *The Drowning Pool*—the traditional private-eye format does not suit movies all that well. It demands a rigid structure as the detective pursues his investigation like a mailman on his route, moving from door to door, picking up a shred of information, depositing another, occasionally having his appointed rounds interrupted by some mayhem.

Heavy Acting. *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Big Sleep* got around these problems partly through strong writing and heavy acting power, but also because the genre was newer then. More recently, *Chinatown* combined a script of elegant complexity with the sort of terse romance that made the plot move with comparative ease. *The Drowning Pool* can boast only the formula without the chemistry—plus Paul Newman, reviving his *Harper* character of some ten years back.

Lew Harper is Ross Macdonald's introverted detective, whose influence is heavily felt in *Night Moves* (TIME, July 21). Harper is the original Archetype, except for his name, which was changed because Newman's most successful movies always had that lucky H in the title (*The Hustler*, *Hud*). Newman is generally amusing and attractive to watch, even when he is chomping gum rather than establishing any stronger character points. His role demands

only that he ask questions and piece together one of those traditional Macdonald puzzles about sudden death and damaged children.

The sources and suspects in the case are a gallery of stereotypes: the alcoholic mother (Joanne Woodward) and the horny teen-age daughter (Melanie Griffith); the good-hearted slut (Linda Haynes) and the spoiled, untrustworthy rich girl (Gail Strickland); the menacing moneybags (Murray Hamilton), the surly chauffeur (Andy Robinson), the sardonic cop (Tony Franciosa).

The one bit of novelty is the drowning pool itself, a hydrotherapy room that, when flooded, poses a fearful threat to Harper and a fair companion. The rest of the movie is comprised of situations as familiar as the characters: the car-run-off-the-road scene; the private-eye-being-rousted-by-the-local-fuzz scene (cop weighing eye's firearm: "You got a license for this thing?"); and the final, unpersuasive unearthing-of-the-dark-family-secret scene. The dialogue is also obligatory, right down to the girl's wiseful line, "You're not such a tough guy, Harper."

*Joy Cocks

Cheerful Larceny

DEATH RACE 2000

Directed by PAUL BARTEL
Screenplay by ROBERT THOM
and CHARLES GRIFFITH

It is the very dawn of the new century. The occasion is a transcontinental road race, "the greatest sporting event," one pernicious announcer claims, "since Spartacus." Indeed, this particular race combines some of the more popular elements of both the Colosseum and the

CINEMA

Indianapolis 500. The winner must not only get to the finish line first but rack up the greatest number of points. This is accomplished by the tactic of running over any pedestrians who can be found along the course. Since the race starts in New York and ends in New Los Angeles several days later, a large part of the U.S. population is available for scoring. A driver gets 70 points for running down a toddler, for example, or 100 for flattening a senior citizen. The race has become the new national pastime, having replaced such old-fashioned pursuits as football, baseball, boxing, basketball and war.

Baked Potato. Made on a shoe-string budget that does not seem to have caused anyone much difficulty, *Death Race 2000* is a jaunty, funny, bemusedly tense little action picture. It was obviously intended to scoop *Rollerball*, a more costly and similar science-fiction enterprise (TIME, July 7) and it commits its petty larceny briskly and efficiently, with none of *Rollerball*'s thundering pretension. David Carradine, late of TV's *Kung Fu*, appears as the champion racer Frankenstein. Various parts of his body have been smashed, burned or discarded during his racing career and he now appears in a black mask and zippered leather suit, looking like a cross between a rock star and a fetishist mannequin. His main competition is a character from Chicago (well played by



DRIVER RACKS UP A VICTIM—AND SOME POINTS—IN DEATH RACE 2000
The greatest sporting event since *Spartacus*?

Sylvester Stallone) who gets himself up like a 1950s hood and keeps his girl friend in her place with lines like "People may think you're cute, but to me you're just one baked potato."

There are revolutionaries—led by an old woman named Thomasina Paine—who want to shut the race down because it represents all that is violent and decadent in America. The politicians

on the other hand, have a vested interest in keeping the competition flourishing because it channels all the aggressions of the population. So there are as many clashes around the race course as on it, enough to keep things moving along at a sprightly pace. *Death Race 2000* is, altogether, a cheering sign that the much-lamented B picture is alive and in good health.

• J.C.

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A Nation Jawed

In a kind of black Disney fantasy, one can imagine out beyond the continental shelf, where the Gulf Stream rushes, a great white shark is sulking. If it is not Russian trawlers pursuing him, then it is sportsmen bristling with electronic equipment and harpoons. The couple of times he has made it to the beach there was no one to play with. People head out of the water at the men-

tion of his name. Is this any way to treat a star?

The cramp in the apocryphal great white's style is, of course, *Jaws*, the movie of shark menace now terrorizing audiences across the U.S. In its first month, *Jaws* has grossed an unprecedented \$53 million and sent a delicious shiver along the nation's beaches. Formerly bold swimmers now huddle in groups a few yards offshore, bathers stunned with sun hover nervously at water's edge and at the hint of a dorsal fin retreat to the beach. "D'ya want to get jawed?" shouted one kid to another in the Santa Monica, Calif., surf. Even the lowly dogfish, the spaniel of the seas but a shark just the same, is suspected of homicidal intentions. "Kill it, kill it," urged a Long Island angler to his companion dangling a 2-ft.-long, almost toothless fish from his rod. "before it grows up to kill us all."

Floating Logs. Lifeguards spend too much of their time pointing out that floating logs are not sharks. "We get literally hundreds of inquiries about sharks each day," reports a guard at Jones Beach, L.I. The guards themselves experience an ugly *frisson* of fear before the surf. "I had to force myself back in the water," says Bob Burnside of the Los Angeles County department of beaches. "So have my lifeguards. It has affected them more because they know it can really happen."

This is just the way Producers Richard Zanuck and David Brown envisaged the movie's impact. That is why they delayed its release until the beginning of the beach season. Says Zanuck: "There

is no way that a bather who has seen or heard of the movie won't think of a great white shark when he puts his toe in the ocean." Vacationers are in fact flocking in ever greater numbers to the seashore. As for the jammed local moviehouses, they are treacherously playing on nerves. One Cape Cod theater runs a telephone tape that announces, "*Jaws* is playing. See it before you go swimming." Shark jokes are all black; in an interview with "Hollywood's No. 1 star" on the *Tonight Show*, Johnny Carson asked a foam rubber great white, "How do you keep your teeth clean?" Snapped the shark: "I swallow people with naturals."

Small-Brained Beast. The predatory shark was easiest meat of all for editorial cartoonists. They soon drew great whites labeled inflation, Communism and energy crisis gobbling up wages, Portugal and motorcars. There was even a cartoon showing Gloria Steinem swimming down to bite a shark. Columnists too sought political parallels: the *Washington Post's* George F. Will expressed amazement that in Washington, "where the Congress is regularly on view, people pay to see this movie about a small-brained beast that is all muscle and appetite." Universal swiftly capitalized on all the attention, bringing out a full-page newspaper ad composed entirely of cartoons.

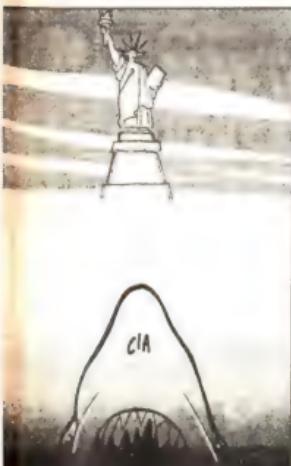
Editorial comments, terrified screams, practical jokes, even official concern do not disturb the jaws in Hollywood. They are too busy following the daily grosses and totting up their own profits. It now looks as if *Jaws* will outgross even *The Godfather*, which holds the record of \$150 million. Before *Jaws* is released abroad next year, where it is expected to pick up 50% of its gross, the film should make \$100 million. Ultimately, Universal may clear up to \$60 million. Producers Zanuck and Brown, with 41 1/4% of the picture, could make as much as \$20 million apiece. Author Peter Benchley's 10% could ultimately yield him \$10 million, while Director Steven Spielberg's share of 2 1/2% will make him a lesser millionaire. They are laughing their way to the nearest swimming pool.

It Started with Watergate

A show arrives on Broadway this week that demonstrates all over again that the most potent theater in America is still song and dance. Michael Bennett's *A Chorus Line* began as the smash of the off-Broadway season (*TIME*, June 2). It tells a somber story, lining up 27 dancers in competition for eight roles and making them play show and tell. As each character speaks, the ambitions



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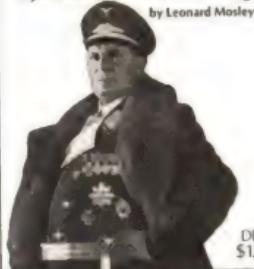
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SHOW BUSINESS

and frustrations of a lowly chorus dancer become synonymous with everyone's battle for a place in the sun. Yet *A Chorus Line* is both insouciant and seductive, full of the exuberant energy that can bring audiences nightily to their feet.

"It all started the summer of the Watergate hearings, 1973," Bennett told TIME Correspondent Mary Cronin. "It was a bad year for Broadway and not so hot for me. I hadn't danced in two years, and I was 25 pounds heavier. That summer I sat out in Bridgehampton, watching the hearings and thinking, 'God, truth! Would I like to see some truth in life. I would like to see some truth on the stage.' I wanted to believe in our country as a place where people trust again, and in a strange way I didn't want to judge people any more. The goal-success orientation of our country had made this happen."

"I could relate the success syndrome to my own life. I have been driven by it too. I began thinking of my own life. I began thinking of the chorus days of my life when I belonged to a group of people who had everything in front of them. I'd always wanted to do a musical about dancers, and so it began to ferment in my mind."

One night Bennett gathered together 24 dancers he knew—kids from choruses—and told them he was going to go around the studio with a tape recorder. He asked each one to tell why he or she had decided to dance and to recall childhood memories up to the age of twelve.

About Emotions. "Sixteen hours later, we got to age 21," Bennett says. "And what happened was that we ended up talking about life. It was like a group session, only everybody was listening and nobody was criticizing or judging. The next morning when I walked out of that studio, I was happy. That night had released a lot of guilt in me. I had thought I was the only confused kid, but it turned out that a lot of our lives had been similar. We all found that dancing was something that we could do to get out of the house. And I knew I had some kind of a show here."

By August of last year, Bennett and one of the dancers, Nicholas Dante, had converted the tape into a five-hour play with no music. They put it on in workshop but decided it was too heavy. Bennett then called in his old friend and dance arranger, Marvin Hamlisch, who arranged the Oscar-winning score for *The Sting*. "I wanted an opera-ballet," Bennett explains. "The music only stops three times in the whole show. I wanted the music to stop for talk rather than a show where everyone talks, and then they sing and dance."

"There are only three kids in this show who ever acted before. I just wanted them all to be themselves, talking. I didn't want recording-studio sound, which is like watching a giant TV set up onstage. I worked hard to keep the sound of the kids' voices real. I didn't

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT KAPIN

CHOREOGRAPHER MICHAEL BENNETT
Frustrations of a lowly chorus dancer.

want them to sound like Ethel Merman by merely whispering into a mike. Neither did I want their faces to look plastic. The boys wear no makeup, and the girls are in street makeup. There are no baby-pink gels to make them look contrived. They are under hot white lights, which are hard on a face. This show isn't about tricks, it's about emotions."

Much of *A Chorus Line* is taken from Bennett's own life and feelings about the theater. He was born in 1943 in Buffalo, the year *Oklahoma!* started Broadway on a musical bonanza. His mother worked as a secretary at Sears and his father as a machinist in the Chevy plant. They still do. By the time Michael was three, he was an incurable dancer to any music from the radio. His parents started him in dancing school, and he has never stopped—dancer in *West Side Story* and *Subways Are for Sleeping*, choreographer of *Company* and *Follies*. At 32, Bennett is a thin, elfin figure with a short beard. He still works all the time and lives alone. Although he has just signed a million-dollar, three-picture deal with Universal, he collects only \$75 a week from his business manager. "I have no possessions," he says. "I don't own this apartment. I have no car or country place, and I do not wish to have anything except my American Express card, which means I can escape. But I still spend a lot of time home. I work on developing my imagination between 12 and 4 a.m. I just sit at my desk and think. I don't really need to dance any more. Dancing is only part of what I do. I want to do a movie musical about New York in the '40s. I write very much into words, and maybe I will write something, possibly an autobiography. I can always dance around my living room a lot."

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Black Dr. Spocks

"Shut up, you black bitch!" shouted the nursery school student as she gave her black doll a sound wallop. The toddler—a little black girl—was just "playing house." Her teacher—a white woman—did not know what to say. Should she remonstrate with the child and tell her that "black is beautiful" or something of the sort? The answer, say two black psychiatrists, is no: the concept of black pride, "too intellectual" at this age. "In a case like this, you could say, 'Nadine, I'm sure the baby will stop

that he is white.' Children often want to be like people they want to be friendly with."

If children do not start asking questions about color by age four or five, parents should take heed. The authors advise: "It is probably best to think about what you are doing to turn off your child's interest in the question."

Racism, too, should be confronted early on. Stating bluntly that "racism is everywhere," Poussaint and Comer urge parents not to spend all their energy fighting it, but not to accept it either. "If a child is always asked by other chil-

blacks have a concern about the threat of training or 'brainwashing' black children to be passive or nonaggressive. We fear this has or can lead to acceptance of and adjustment to an unjust society." Blacks must always stand up for their rights, they believe, especially before authority figures, but never in self-destructive ways. When a policeman, for example, calls a black a "nigger," the incident should be reported immediately to the N.A.A.C.P. or another group in a position to take action. The authors also advise blacks to become active in the N.A.A.C.P. and similar organizations.

Denouncing violence and drug use (even smoking marijuana) in the black community, the authors urge black youths to "actively enter gun-control and drug-control campaigns." Teens, they believe, are especially concerned with redefining blackness and with confronting the stereotyped notion that blackness in America is "poverty, broken homes, troubled communities: ability in athletics; singing, dancing, pimping and mugging; hating whites and not being too smart." This definition of blackness, say the authors, can lead to "absolute terror" and conflict in those black teens "who would like to have friendships with blacks or whites, who enjoy Beethoven as much as Isaac Hayes' *Hot Buttered Soul*, who prefer algebra to basketball."

Black youths, like whites, have a high suicide rate, but older blacks do not; overall, the black suicide rate is about one half the white rate. Says Poussaint: "One great advantage blacks have is that they have always been brought up to expect trouble in this world." The trouble will not soon abate, but *Black Child Care* may help make things easier in the future.



YOUNG MOTHER IN WASHINGTON, D.C., PLAYING WITH HER INFANT DAUGHTER
Some definitions of blackness can lead to terror and conflict.

crying if you hold her rather than hit her or call her names..."

This kind of cool, specific advice runs throughout *Black Child Care* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95). Its authors are Dr. Alvin Poussaint, 41, associate dean of students at Harvard Medical School, and Dr. James Comer, 40, professor at Yale University Child Study Center. Their book, written in question-and-answer format, is a stage-by-stage study of the black child's development from infancy through adolescence.

Color Awareness. Though much of the book is about child rearing generally, it is made clear from the outset that the problems facing black children in the U.S. are unique—and severe. As early as age three, say the authors, black children become aware of their color and race; they observe the differences between blacks and whites on television and on the street and bombard their parents with questions like "What is black?" and "Am I black?" Sometimes a four-year-old will simply announce

dren to play the horse but never the rider, the cook but never the mother being served, the porter but never the traveler, you may want to withdraw your child from the play," they suggest. They also argue that parents have every right to tell their children to refuse rituals like pledging allegiance to the flag if the parents consider them symbols of a society that "has not lived up to its part of the contract with black people." If they believe this, say the authors, parents might explain to a child: "Liberty and justice for all" should mean you but it doesn't." At the same time, they should suggest some kind of substitute ritual like a "pledge to humanity."

The psychiatrists recommend an assertive stance for black children. In the past, aggressive black males were likely to be in danger of being beaten or arrested: as a result, some parents tried to crush normal aggressive behavior in their children when they were very young. Today, there is another worry. Explain Poussaint and Comer: "We

The Self-Starvers

At 17, Susan looked alarmingly emaciated, with sunken eyes and fragile, sticklike arms and legs. Though she was 5 ft. 5 in. tall, she weighed only 71 lbs. and scorned all but the tiniest morsels of food. Amazingly, Susan believed herself to be too fat and maintained frenzied level of physical exercise to keep any weight off her scrawny frame.

Susan was a victim of anorexia nervosa, "the starvation disease" or "Twigsy syndrome," a rare and bizarre emotional disorder that has been occurring more frequently in the past few years. Of those affected, 80% are female, mostly in their early teens. Typically they are intelligent, ambitious, middle- and upper-class girls who are perfectionists and eager to please their mothers and fathers. Suddenly they start to diet and then simply stop eating, sometimes losing 50 lbs. or so in a few months. Some like Susan, now 21, seek treatment an-

manage to get back to a normal weight. Others, with or without treatment, may start eating enough to survive, yet remain rail-thin and undernourished. Still, 5% to 15% of known victims of anorexia nervosa have starved to death despite treatment.

Researchers generally agree that the disease has purely psychological origins. Some therapists believe that young girls become anorectics out of fear of sexuality; by reducing their body weight to childlike proportions, they stall the process of becoming a woman. (Menstruation almost invariably ceases, or in the case of younger girls does not begin after such severe weight loss.) Other therapists see the disease as a symbolic "oral rebellion" against overcontrolling and troubled parents.

"There is a terrible fear of not being good enough, of not doing what is expected of them," says Dr. Hilde Bruch, professor of psychiatry at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston. "Anorectics want to reassure themselves that they are really in control. There is an obsession with slimness and achievement." Bruch believes that the incidence of anorexia will continue to increase as greater demands are made on women.

Some doctors hospitalize anorectic patients and take away privileges like watching television till they gain weight. But, says Bruch, "they lose it again as soon as they leave." She believes that psychiatric therapy is necessary.

Rite of Passage. Psychiatrist Salvador Minuchin at the Philadelphia Child Guidance Center finds that anorectics usually come from families that have conflicts but are "enmeshed" in togetherness. Minuchin's treatment is a mix of showmanship, ritual and behavioral techniques. Step one, oddly enough, is bringing the family together for lunch. The purpose is to replay a typical meal at home to see what happens. Like a director in a play, Minuchin may call the scene to a halt at the climax, perhaps just as the father is angrily and unsuccessfully trying to force his daughter to eat something. Minuchin then tells the girl: "You have won. You have humiliated your parents in front of the doctor."

Such melodramatics, Minuchin believes, bring about a temporary exorcism of the anorectic's fear of open disagreement with her parents and become a rite of passage. The girl will eventually begin to eat, but the next problem is to keep her from slipping back to her old ways. Family therapy is then begun; parents and child get together with Minuchin for sessions in which they discuss their underlying pressures and conflicts.

Under a federal research grant, work with anorectics is under way at the University of Minnesota, the University of Iowa and the Illinois State Psychiatric Institute in Chicago. Says Dr. John Davis of the Illinois State team: "It's a life-threatening disorder, and it may be more common than we ever thought."

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SHOPPERS INSPECTING A NEW MERCURY BOBCAT IN THE SHOWROOM OF A BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., DEALER

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

OUTLOOK

Recovery Proof—and Peril

Although economists have been increasingly sure for several weeks that the nation's worst slump since the 1930s has finally ended, the statistics were too weak or contradictory to give them proof. Last week an unambiguous set of figures removed just about all the remaining doubt. Among them:

► Real gross national product—the total value of goods and services produced, discounted for inflation—stayed during the second quarter. It declined at a statistically insignificant annual rate of 0.3%, v. 11.4% in the January-March period.

► Industrial production, after eight consecutive months of decline, rose in June at an annual rate of 4.9%. The heightened tempo was especially noticeable in consumer goods, textile and chemical industries.

► Auto sales in the first ten days of July were the highest for any similar period since October: a rise of 6% over the comparable June period reversed the usual seasonal trend.

► Inventories continued to be sold off at a record pace. In the April-June quarter, businessmen managed to dispose of backlog at the phenomenal annual rate of \$33.7 billion. When managers begin to replenish their stocks, the new orders will be powerful stimulant to the economy.

► Real disposable personal income—the broadest measure of the U.S.'s standard of living—rose at an adjusted annual rate of \$133 per capita in the second quarter, to an average of \$2,908 a year for every man, woman, and child. That brought it back near the 1973 peak

of \$2,952. Most of the gain came from tax rebates and special Social Security bonuses; the rest resulted from longer working hours and higher wages—which are no longer being totally swallowed by inflation.

There are still soft spots in the recovery. Housing starts, after a spurt in May, slumped back in June to a moribund pace of little more than a million a year. Corporate spending on new plant and equipment remains low, and the unemployment rate is still a worrisome 8.6%. Interest rates, whose recent declines had helped lift the economy, have begun to rise again.

New Spending. On the whole, the statistics have turned out a bit better than Government economists had expected. As a result, they are now revising upward their estimates of how fast real G.N.P. will grow over the next four quarters. They had originally expected a growth of 5% in the third quarter; now many anticipate 7% for the next twelve months, and some feel that the rate will average 8%. One reason: the American consumer, having been given more money through tax cuts, Social Security increases and higher wages, is responding in classic Keynesian fashion by helping spend the nation out of recession. Personal-consumption expenditures in the second quarter rose at an annual rate of 6.1%, compared with a 13.9% decline in the last three months of 1974.

The recovery, however, faces a peril. This fall OPEC is expected to raise the price of oil another \$1.50 per bbl., to roughly \$12. What is more, on Aug. 31 the U.S. law authorizing price con-

trols on domestically produced oil expires; unless it is extended, the price of some 60% of oil from U.S. wells is likely to leap overnight from the present controlled \$5.25 per bbl. all the way to \$11.70.

The likelihood of that abrupt jump is increasing because of a worsening deadlock between the White House and the Democratic Congress over what kind of controls, if any, to maintain. Last week President Ford sent Congress his long-awaited plan to phase out controls over a 30-month period. He hopes that the resulting rise in prices will greatly stimulate domestic oil output without

PAST THE BOTTOM



hurting the economy. Congress is likely to turn down that plan; critics charge it would drain \$45 billion in potential consumer purchasing power out of the economy over the next two years.

Many Democrats prefer a \$7.50 price ceiling on all U.S. oil, both new and presently controlled, but they almost surely cannot pass such a bill over an inevitable presidential veto. That leaves the possibility of a straight extension of price controls—perhaps for six months—but Administration aides warn that Ford might veto that too, because he believes controls only discourage domestic output and keep the U.S. dependent on OPEC oil.

However the battle comes out, oil prices are certain to rise substantially, and the increase will have the same effect on the economy as a big new tax boost would. There is a growing consensus among Republicans and Democrats that some sort of new tax cuts will be needed to cushion the oil shock and keep the economy rising. Says Economist Arthur Okun: "It is crucial that oil prices do not drain real consumer purchasing power."

Tax Cuts. At minimum, Congress will probably extend through 1976 the \$9.4 billion in "emergency" tax cuts enacted this year. The Administration may eventually accept that approach. Treasury Secretary William Simon opposes it as unnecessary, but concedes that "I will lose." Beyond that, some economists and politicians are becoming convinced that additional, deeper tax cuts will be required: the Congressional Budget Office suggests \$15 billion. No amount can possibly be decided, though—and no action begun—before the nation finds out just how much and how fast oil prices will rise.

FOOD

The Russians Return

Prodiced by drought that has dashed hopes for bumper Soviet wheat crop, Russian buyers last week returned, as expected, to the U.S. market. They signed contracts to buy 117 million bu., or 3.2 million metric tons, of winter wheat from Cook Industries of Memphis and Cargill Inc. of Minneapolis; at present prices, the deal amounts to about \$470 million. That is hardly enough to push American prices up very much, but a big question remains: How much more does the U.S.S.R. plan to buy?

The size of the first sale is hardly reminiscent of 1972, when skillful Soviet buyers, working in deep secrecy, managed to acquire 19 million tons of grain at a bargain price that was officially subsidized by the U.S. Government. Largely as a result, wheat prices shot from less than \$2 to more than \$6 per bu., and in the following months other domestic food prices soared. Memories of that disaster caused 33 members of Congress last week to sign a letter calling on the U.S. Government to take over negotiation of all grain sales to the U.S.S.R. But the Soviets have little chance of repeating the 1972 coup: the Department of Agriculture now requires the reporting of all sales that exceed 100,000 tons.

The U.S. wheat crop this year is forecast at a record 2.2 billion bu., leaving ample supplies for export sales without serious impact on home prices. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz predicts that sales of grain to the Soviet Union will have only a minimum effect on American prices even if they reach 10 million tons, which he believes they will

One possible effect: meat prices will be kept from falling, because a general tightening of grain markets will hold feed costs high.

On commodities markets traders were disappointed by the size of the Cook and Cargill deals. Wheat, corn, soybean and oat futures fell. The question mark, says Crop Analyst Conrad Leslie, "is at what price level the Russians will make further commitments." Meaning: the shrewd Soviet buyers may be waiting for prices to come down a bit further before placing further orders.

A Creaky, Costly System

Notice those peculiar markings that are appearing on all sorts of products on store shelves—the striped codes with ten-digit numbers that have rechristened such items as a giant-size box of Tide as 37000-91220 and a can of Campbell's tomato soup as 51000-00011? They are part of an automated pricing and check-out system that food-industry officials hope will one day yield impressive cost savings (TIME, Dec. 30). Though it is still experimental, consumer groups are already opening fire on the system, which they fear will confuse shoppers by eliminating price markings on the products themselves. Yet a case can be made that the protesters are missing the really distressing significance of the codes: they are the

A Much Needed Boost for the Council

The Administration got an additional lift on the economic front last week when the Senate approved President Ford's nomination of Burton Gordon Malkiel, a Princeton University economics professor, to the Council of Economic Advisers. The Senate's action follows its approval last month of Paul W. MacAvoy, an economics professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The appointments bring the three-man council to full strength for the first time since early spring. C.E.A. Members Gary Seavers and William Fellner resigned then; though they had other reasons as well, they were both resentful about not being consulted more often on policymaking by the Council's Chairman, Alan Greenspan.

Greenspan is not likely to make the same mistake twice, especially because Malkiel, 42, and MacAvoy, 41, are at least as independent and outspoken as their predecessors. Of MacAvoy, a friend says, "Paul has a Chicago tem-

per. He will stand up and take you apart." Philosophically, both men share Greenspan's free-market approach to economics, though neither is considered an ideologue.

Most important, they bring to the CEA expertise in areas of critical importance to the Administration. Malkiel will generally involve himself in such broad economic subjects as monetary policy and tax matters. A specialist in money markets, he favors a mix of Government programs that would spur business spending to boost production. MacAvoy concentrates more on particular markets, like transportation, than on the overall economy. Among other things, he has advocated de-regulation of the price of natural gas, a field in which he is an acknowledged expert. If nothing else, the quality of the latest appointments should go far toward restoring the professional reputation of the CEA, which was often used as a political arm during the Nixon years.



PRINCETON'S BURTON MALKIEL



MIT'S PAUL MACAVOY

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

first major innovation in America's creaky food-distributing machinery since supermarkets appeared in the early 1930s.

For years that machinery was widely admired because it supposedly was responsible for steadily shrinking food's share of the typical U.S. family's budget. But since 1973 that trend has been reversed. In 1970 food claimed 33% of the income of a family of four earning \$8,100; today the figure is 37%. As a result, experts are taking their first long look at the machinery in years. What they are finding is a costly, cumbersome system that, for example, adds 24.3c, or 69%, to the price of a pound of chicken between farm and check-out counter (*see chart*). Some indicators:

► After years of nearly 6% growth, the average annual increase in farm productivity has leveled off at a bare 0.5% since 1969; a casualty of rising costs of feed, labor, capital and fuel.

► Food warehousing productivity

lives small shipments to stores each week, when a few fully loaded trucks could do the job. The typical supermarket receives 200 trucks every week; each shipment has a wholesale value of about \$50, and costs the store \$5 to process in paper work alone. Rules imposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission often require vans to return from their destinations empty, rather than let them pick up an available load. The National Commission on Productivity estimates that elimination of these rules could save \$250 million per year. Though some of these and other potential savings might go to fatten stores' profits, chances are that because the supermarket business is hotly competitive, a large share would be passed on to consumers.

Crumbling rail service also adds to food costs. In the 1950s a carload of Bartlett pears loaded in Sacramento reached New York in 6½ days; today the journey often takes from nine to eleven

INVESTMENT

How to Afford The Future

Economists of every persuasion have long agreed that the basis of the capitalistic system is, quite simply, privately owned capital: money that comes from accumulated savings and is used to finance investment. Now, however, worried policymakers and students of the system have begun to debate the causes and implications of a historic development. For the first time in more than half a century, the U.S. like some other industrial economies, faces an acute shortage of the capital that is needed to create new goods, profits, public services and—by no means least—jobs.

The looming capital shortage poses a long-range threat to the survival of the nation's economic system. More immediately, it raises doubts about the econ-

Fattening the chicken



has hardly risen in the past ten years.

► Supermarket sales per man-hour were lower in 1973 than in 1968.

The problem, laments Cornell University Food Economist Daniel Padberg, is that "in general, the food industry is more interested in marketing than in efficiency." One example is packaging. In Europe, produce growers use just four sizes of containers, having agreed on a standardized system years ago. But in the U.S., food packers use 2,500 different sizes of shipping containers.

The consumer end of the food distribution system is becoming more diffuse and fragmented, partly because shoppers seem to want it that way. The fastest-growing phenomenon in food retailing today is not supermarkets but so-called convenience stores, small outlets catering to people who wish to shop at odd hours and do not mind doing so in odd places like gas stations. Sales at these minimarkets increased by more than 22% last year, despite high prices of their pretax profits, as a percentage of sales, average 4.8%, v. a bare 1.1% in supermarkets, which depend on high volume, not high markups, for their healthy 12.4% return on investment.

Much of the inefficiency in the food distributing machinery is beyond the industry's control. Teamsters union regulations mean that many trucks de-

lays. Another cost fatterner: Federal Trade Commission rules on discounting required by the Robinson-Patman Act, involve so much red tape that they discourage wholesalers from giving price breaks to supermarkets that place large orders. The aim is to help protect small stores, which account for two-thirds of the nation's 200,000 grocery outlets, from price competition.

Gobbling More. Nonetheless, there is room within the industry for self-improvement. Many firms are at work on various technological innovations including, besides the automated checkout system, computerized warehouses, meat cutting by laser or electronic beam to reduce waste and labor costs, and solar energy to power grossly inefficient supermarket frozen-food cases. The problem is that the fragmented industry—there are 1,400 wholesalers in business today—has difficulty amassing the will, much less the capital, to carry through such developments. Says Gordon Bloom, a senior lecturer at M.I.T.'s Sloan School of Management and a leading food expert: "Because the industry operates on such a low profit margin, it won't spend two cents for technological innovation unless you can prove the payoff." Until it does, however, food can only continue gobbling more and more of the American family's budget

omy's ability to recover with vigor from the postwar era's most severe recession and push unemployment down to about 5% of the work force and keep it at that level. Ultimately, capital formation, as the economists call it, is job formation. Any faltering of the pace at which the nation saves its earnings and invests its resources translates directly into reduced economic activity and fewer jobs. Yet the share of resources devoted to investment in the U.S. lags behind that in other major industrialized countries—even severely strapped Italy and Britain (*see chart*). What is more, the need for additional goods and technology has never been greater. In the next few years, enormous outlays will be required to develop alternative sources of energy such as nuclear power, build the Alaska pipeline, improve pollution controls, erect more efficient factories and continue rebuilding the decaying cities.

Among Lowest. But will the funds be available? Although economists have been nervously debating the question for some time, the issue has only recently begun to penetrate the corridors of power in Washington. In testimony before the Senate Finance Committee, Treasury Secretary William Simon has warned that the U.S. faces "serious risks"—social as well as economic—if it does not increase its rate of capital in-

vestment. At a recent conference of top academic, business and political leaders on the nation's capital needs, sponsored by FORTUNE, Louisiana's Senator Russell Long declared that the approaching capital shortage could be "as severe as anything we have had in the economic history of the country."

The central starting statistic of the emerging capital crisis is that for two decades the U.S. has been accumulating funds in savings accounts, bonds and other forms of investment at a level equal to about 15% of the nation's gross national product. That rate of capital formation is one of the lowest in the industrialized world. Unless it is increased, many experts say, a shortage of investment funds will choke the still anemic housing industry, squeeze thousands of small- and medium-sized businesses out of the credit market and eventually abort the recovery—leaving the U.S. with insufficient plant capacity and an intolerably high level of unemployment. One of the gloomiest prognosticators, New York Stock Exchange Economist William Freund, calculates the investment needs of private industry alone at more than \$4 trillion over the next decade. Freund predicts that industry will come up short by about \$650 billion.

Jugular Vein. Other experts, among them Citibank Economist Leif Olsen, doubt that the shortfall will be that severe. Yet the price of avoiding crisis, the optimists agree, will be a sharp scaling down of the nation's investment goals through the mid-1980s. In a recent study sponsored by Washington's Brookings Institution, Harvard's James Duesenberry and two other economists derided "Cassandras" who are forecasting a shortage and concluded that "we can afford the future, but just barely." The Duesenberry study contends that Government can be counted upon to come to the rescue: by running big budget surpluses, the Treasury can create enough funds to finance a fat list of investments, including the building of a needed 25 million new homes by 1985. But can it? The idea that Government can overcome political pressures for heavy spending and run huge surpluses, argues U.S. Trust Vice Chairman James O'Leary, is "a lot of nonsense."

Whatever the specific merits of the debate, two things are clear: demand for capital in the U.S. over the next decade will be "staggeringly high," as O'Leary puts it, and more could be done to stimulate a healthier level of investment. Currently a variety of new tax incentives and other measures to encourage saving are being studied within the Administration and by the House Ways and Means Committee. Neither has made any concrete proposals so far, although the Administration is expected to do so this month.

Basically, there are two approaches to the problem. Some liberals advocate a system of allocated credit that would channel available capital into high pri-

ority projects, like energy development. The liberal argument is that capital is not so much in short supply as inefficiently used; for evidence, they point to the overbuilding of shopping centers and vacation condominiums. Conservatives, meanwhile, maintain that an allocation system is unworkable and would cripple the capitalist system—the jugular vein of which is the free movement of money. Moreover, they contend that the real need is for more investment. Among their proposals: lowering the capital gains tax and allowing companies to depreciate their plant and equipment faster and deduct dividends as an expense—thereby releasing more corporate funds for investment.

Catch-22. Some economists also argue that Government should de-regulate interest rates on all savings accounts and pursue other policies designed to stimulate a higher rate of saving. Currently only about 10% of all personal disposable income in the U.S. is saved—a higher percentage than at any time since 1946 but less than the savings rates in other industrialized nations (Japan's rate, for example, is 23.6%). There is, however, a catch-22: the only way profiteering Americans will save more is if they learn to spend less; yet for the next year or so, a robust level of consumer spending is needed to give the recovery momentum.

Until it becomes economically feasible to encourage more saving, Government will need to refrain from discouraging private borrowers by crowding them out of the money market with ever larger Treasury bond offerings. So far, the \$59.9 billion deficit envisioned in the current federal budget has not proved difficult to finance. The danger of crowding out in the money market, and the real threat of a capital shortage, lies a year or so away, when the economy picks up added steam and corporations begin borrowing more heavily. But that is hardly a reason for postponing public debate over how to head off a crisis, in its quest for ways to spur more saving and investment. Government would do well to begin by devoting greater attention to increasing the rates of return that capital-short industries like utilities can earn. In the long run, perhaps nothing will channel needed capital into worthwhile investments any better than tax measures and other policies that make those investments profitable.

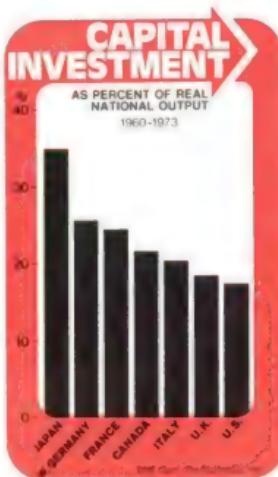
SHIPPING

A Giant Becalmed

Few businesses are as nerve-racking as the chartering of behemoth supertankers to carry oil, and until recently few tycoons played the risks with such consummate cool as Norway's Hilmar Reksten, 77. The tanker business seems always to swing from boom times of



A GENERAL ELECTRIC NUCLEAR PLANT IN OREGON



AT WORK ON THE ALASKA PIPELINE



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

frantic demand and soaring charter rates to busts during which expensive tankers lie idle and unwanted. Reksten, a ramrod-straight six-footer and lone-wolf operator, started out as a shipping clerk; in 1929 he bought a freighter cheap, parlayed it into a modest fleet (thanks in part to two rich wives), then seized on slumps to buy up tonnage cut-rate. By 1973 he had amassed a flotilla worth, by some estimates, \$600 million. Now, one of the worst depressions ever in the tanker business (TIME, March 10) has left Reksten financially becalmed, if not yet dead in the water.

One of Reksten's strategies was to spurn the security of long-term charters for some of his ships, preferring to shoot for higher gains on the mercurial spot

the Reksten tanker *Sir Winston Churchill*, which has been idled in the Persian Gulf for months, has received charters for two trips to Singapore. (Other Reksten tankers are named after Roman emperors, busts of whom decorate his palatial home in Bergen, his favorite is Hadrian.)

Still, Reksten's fate hangs in the balance. His expenses run to tens of thousands of dollars daily, and his debts, by one estimate, to more than \$200 million. On paper Reksten can pay his ships are still worth about \$250 million. But that figure can comfort only his bankers, primarily Britain's Hamburg group, who can claim some of his ships as security for loans. Most experts think that high oil prices will hold down pe-

Northrop* and Mobil (which last week admitted making political contributions of \$2 million in Italy between 1970 and 1973).

Exxon Controller Archie L. Monroe told the Senators that during the eight-year period, his company approved contributions totaling \$27 million by Esso Italiana, mainly to Italian political parties. Monroe said that Exxon called a halt to the payments in 1971 when it discovered that the subsidiary's president, Vincenzo Cazzaniga, since dismissed, had spent an additional \$19 million that had not been authorized. Included was a voucher for \$86,000 supposedly paid to the Italian Communist Party, which made sweeping gains in regional elections last month partly by boasting that its hands were "clean" of foreign oil money. The Italian Communists, who wield considerable clout in their country's municipal and union affairs, have denied they ever received the payments.

Italian Custom. According to a 1972 audit by Exxon, a number of bookkeeping stratagems were used to hide the payments. One was to fill out vouchers for goods that were never received. Monroe said Exxon executives were persuaded to keep the payments secret by Cazzaniga, who reported that that was the custom in Italy. Pointing out that camouflaging the payments also enabled the company to deduct them from its Italian income taxes, Subcommittee Chairman Frank Church of Idaho charged that Exxon was practicing "a fraud on the Italian government." Moreover, subcommittee experts reckon that the favorable legislation resulting from the payments was worth 20 times more to Exxon in Italy than the amount of its contributions.

Exxon also disclosed that its Canadian subsidiary, Imperial Oil Ltd., paid \$1.2 million to Canadian political parties over the past five years. Monroe stressed that payments in both countries were perfectly legal, but labeled the Italian payments "a mistake." In response, Church quoted from the auditors' report, which concluded that "the principal factor" in the irregularities "was that higher levels of management ... condoned falsification of records." That, Church remarked, "says it all." Though bribing foreign officials or making donations to foreign parties do not now violate American law, concealing payments on corporate books could easily breach Internal Revenue Service as well as Securities and Exchange Commission regulations. Last week, the IRS revealed that it is now investigating more than 100 corporations for possible illegal political campaign contributions or bribes in the U.S. and abroad.

*Whose chief, 55-year-old Thomas V. Jones, resigned last week as chairman after the company's executive committee declared that he "must bear a heavy share of the responsibility for the irregularities." Jones' replacement, recently named, is Charles Jones, who has vowed he will fight to stay on as president and chief executive, but the board is looking for a replacement.



REKSTEN CONTEMPLATING A BUST OF HADRIAN
Clogging Norway's magnificent fjords.

market, indeed, he sometimes chartered tankers from other firms so that he could recharter them to shippers at spot rates. Between 1970 and 1973, when rates were generally rising, he chartered four huge tankers. Then came the Arab-Israeli war and Arab oil embargo, during which many tankers had to lie idle because there was no oil for them to move. The four tankers have been repossessioned from Reksten for nonpayment of rates that probably totaled well over \$500,000 a month.

Reksten also signed a contract in 1973 for construction of four new 420,000-ton supertankers to add to his fleet of a dozen. But the world recession and quintupled prices for oil depressed demand for petroleum and thus for tankers. As a result, Reksten canceled the contract, and now must pay Norway's Aker shipyards damages of \$67 million. The Norwegian government this month came to his rescue: it agreed to buy shares in several Reksten companies for \$35 million. The government will become sole owner of an oil-rig contracting firm, but Reksten will keep control of the other companies. On top of that,

troleum demand and keep tanker rates unprofitable even after the world recession ends. Meanwhile, Norway's magnificent fjords, the Persian Gulf and many of the world's ports are clogged with idle tankers, including eleven of Reksten's twelve.

SCANDALS

The Biggest Payoff

Exxon Corp. last year passed General Motors to become the nation's largest corporation in terms of sales. Now, so far as the public record shows, it also leads in making secret payments to foreign officials. Last week Exxon executives conceded to the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations that between 1963 and 1971, an Italian affiliate had spent from \$40 million to \$49 million to gain such political favors as favorable treatment of refinery licenses, levies on gasoline and heating oil, and other tax legislation. That sum far exceeds the political payments revealed by other U.S. corporations such as Gulf.



WALTER SCOTT

SAMUEL JOHNSON DOING PENANCE



JAMES JOYCE

BOOKS

Tattle Tales

THE OXFORD BOOK OF LITERARY ANECDOTES
Edited by JAMES SUTHERLAND
382 pages. Oxford University Press. \$15.

And then there was the story of Richard Burbage, the original Richard III. An Elizabethan groupie approached him after a performance in the early 1590s and asked him to visit her that night, announcing himself "by the name of Richard the Third." Burbage complied and was greeted by a message from one Will Shakespeare announcing "that William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third."

Anyone who has faith in the veracity of that anecdote may also wish to make a down payment on Waterloo Bridge. As this grab bag of 484 snippets of British literary gossip demonstrates, when the unvarnished truth is lost a lacquered fabrication will do handsomely. Editor Sutherland, a professor at the University of London, may claim to have weeded out proven forgeries and falsehoods. But he readily admits to choosing (when more than one exists) the stylish version of each story, even though "it may have no apparent authority." And why not? As a class, authors may have no more spontaneous wit than plumbers or bank presidents. What they do have are literary friends (and enemies) who follow Santayana's dictum: "Sometimes we have to change the truth in order to remember it."

Terrible Superlatives. Assembled chronologically from Caedmon (circa 670) to Dylan Thomas, these footnotes and headstones have a variety of uses. *Literary Anecdotes* forms a handy vade mecum of great and terrible superlatives. What, for instance, is the best way

to die? Surely it must be singing lustily, as did William Blake. Who invented the most uncomfortable method of fishing? The appropriately named Thomas Birch, who tried to make himself inconspicuous to the fish by dressing up as a tree. What is the most gallant method of repulsing a bore at a party? Undoubtedly, Robert Browning's: "But, my dear fellow, this is too bad. I am monopolizing you."

The book also presents a collage of classic one-liners for use in very special circumstances. Perhaps only once a millennium will a nobleman state that an actor-playwright will die either from venereal disease or hanging. Samuel Foote's riposte: "My Lord, that will depend upon one of two contingencies—whether I embrace your lordship's mistress or your lordship's principles." Hardly more common is the straight line offered to James Joyce by a burbling admirer: "May I kiss the hand that wrote *Ulysses*?" Snapped Joyce: "No, it did it a lot of other things too!" When prompted by the right question, even T.S. Eliot was capable of turning in a passable impression of Groucho Marx. Asked if most editors are not failed writers, Eliot said: "Perhaps, but so are most writers."

Most of these stories catch authors with their wigs off or their guards down. But not all anecdotes diminish their subjects. For every example of crankiness or distemper, there is a peek at private heroism and unsuspected virtues: Sir Walter Scott dictating three novels while he writhed in agony from attacks of gallstones; Samuel Johnson quietly doing public penance for a childhood act of disobedience committed 50 years earlier; Oscar Wilde, in prison and disguise, discussing books with his respectful jailer; Poet John Stubbs, condemned to have

his right hand cut off for offending Queen Elizabeth I, lifting his hat with his left hand and crying out, "God save the Queen!"

Surprisingly, Sutherland leaves out some prominent—and promising—names. Where, for example, is Christopher Marlowe? Lewis Carroll is absent, not to mention his celebrated crushes on Victorian nymphets. And the book shows a predilection for minor clerics and third-rate poetasters that is a bit too donnish for 1975. Yet in the end, the musty, bibliomaniacal quality only adds to the volume's charm. Lord Chesterfield once told his son that "there are very many [books], and even very useful ones, which may be read with advantage by snatches and unconnectedly." This is one of them. ■ Paul Gray

The Magic Bucket

THE UNCROWNED QUEEN OF IRELAND
by JOYCE MARLOW
334 pages. Saturday Review Press.
\$13.95.

How remote, how quaint the well-known Irish rebellion of Charles Stewart Parnell seems today, with its motto, "Home Rule," and its hope of working out a decent compromise through the parliamentary system. Yet how much more remote, how much more quaint must appear the Great Love that brought down Parnell and his cause—the ten-year affair he conducted with Katharine O'Shea, another Irishman's wife.

The Parnell legend, so peculiarly suited to the romantic side of 19th century politics and the sentimental side of the Irish heart, reduced James Joyce to bitter parody in his short story, *Ivy Day*

in the Committee Room (1905) published 14 years after Parnell's death. Joyce Marlow's antidote to Parnellism—the stuff of which greening statues in the park and old candy-box covers are made—is sobriety. Mrs. Marlow is an ex-actress who did not abandon drama when she left the stage. Yet her biography of Katharine (and inevitably, Parnell) weighs evidence with the scruples of a professional historian and character with the caution of a professional skeptic. The historian's fussing over documentation may be too detailed for any but devotees of failed crusades. But the skeptic's portrait of Parnell and Kitty has enough point to deflate the legend without ruining it, making the doomed lovers wholly credible to a modern reader.

The woman who did more to affect Anglo-Irish history than any other 19th

him; indeed he had an unmistakably U English accent and was mad about cricket. They made a handsome couple: her lover matched Kitty's delicate face with a rather fragile body, and, apparently, unforgettable eyes. For all his magnetism and occasionally furious drive, Parnell was innately lazy. Between leading the Irish nationalists in Parliament and being Kitty's lover, he seems to have preferred the latter role. While her husband was conveniently absent, Parnell read *Alice in Wonderland* in Mrs. O'Shea's dressing room and shot out candles with an airgun in her sitting room.

Kitty stuffed her lover's finicky stomach with the best English food, fussed over his frequent colds, and emptied his pockets when he came home from the wars. When he had to be away, he wrote her "Dear Wifey" notes ask-

temporary psychology can controvert the evidence that here, in all its banality and glory, was a true love story. Kitty (in the metaphor of her biographer) was a magic bucket in a fairy tale. When Parnell died, she went empty. The sometime spell that had changed her from a Victorian housewife into a *femme fatale* was broken. All too soon she lost her powers, her odd beauty, and from time to time her sanity. After World War I she ended up back in Brighton, at the scene of her vision, in a seaside hotel—a short, plump, obscure old lady, puffing along the promenade in all weather. Almost mercifully she died in 1921: a Juliet whose author had fallen asleep and allowed her to live 30 years too long. ■ Melvin Maddocks



THE DOOMED LOVERS, PARNELL & KITTY O'SHEA
In all its banality and glory, a true love story.



century female (Queen Victoria excepted) was born Katharine Wood, the daughter of an Anglican vicar. "Look lovely and keep your mouth shut," her brother advised her, voicing the wisdom of the age. At 22 she married a horsey, socially acceptable Irishman named Willie O'Shea, known chiefly for his velvet jackets and his passion for get-rich-quick schemes—sulfur mines in Spain, railroad lines in Zululand. Katharine settled down to the role of conformist motherhood. But one day in 1880, when she was 35 and walking on the downs near Brighton, she asked herself in the classic fashion: "Why should I be supposed to have no other interests than Willie and my children?" By then she had met Parnell, and the question was already rhetorical.

A year younger than Kitty and a bachelor, Parnell was an odd sort for an Irish revolutionary. There was none of the inflammatory rabble-rouser about

ing her to be a "brave little woman"—letters, one reader has observed, "such as a kitchenmaid might receive from the underfootman."

In 1889, just as Parnell (with Kitty as intermediary) seemed to be charming Gladstone and the Liberals into acceding to Irish nationalist terms for home rule, Willie O'Shea brought suit for divorce. This, after pretending ignorance for almost ten years while three children were fathered by Parnell. When the cuckold finally brought down his house on himself, he also brought it down on his rival. Parnell's exertions to save his discredited leadership failed miserably, and soon eroded his health. "The most famous adulterer of the century," as a Methodist minister of the time put it, died in Kitty's arms in 1891, not long after making an honest woman of her.

There is both a monstrous willfulness and a monstrous absurdity to the whole affair. But no amount of con-

Three-Decker

CLARA REEVE
by LEONIE HARGRAVE
442 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

This season's most agreeable literary game is the counterfeiting of Victorian novels. From Brian Moore (*The Great Victorian Collection*) to Michael Crichton (*The Great Train Robbery*), no artificer plays the game more entertainingly than the writer who calls herself Leonie Hargrave. The pseudonym, notes the publisher coyly, "may be said to be the Maiden Name of an author both prolific and much praised for work in other modes."

Other modes, indeed: card sharpening? bunco artistry? Hargrave's mischievous novel *Clara Reeve* purports to be the memoir of a young Englishwoman from 1850, when she was six, through the years of a preposterous marriage in her early 20s. Many novels attempt to be what they are not—the log of a whaling voyage, the writhings of a student who murders an old pawnbroker—and thus all are stratagems of kind. But Hargrave's, Moore's and Crichton's constructs are far more elaborate, since they soberly imitate the genteel literary conventions and taboos of a century ago.

Bared Portions. Something other than nostalgic peddling is going on: these are good and compelling writers. But what, exactly, is their game? Why accept the strictures of Victorianism in an epoch of total license? One answer is social criticism posing as irony: actualities mutedly placed against canting ideals. A second, equally valid explanation is that any writer who hopes to compose a novel of manners has to go where the manners are—or were.

So here is *Clara Reeve*, a sober send-up of the Victorian three-decker, as ingenious as an embezzlement scheme—and incidentally an astringent comment on the predicament of being female. As a little girl, Clara is orphaned, and raised in the forbidding London home of a pious uncle. When she is so light-minded as to laugh aloud at the antics of a bird in the garden, he whips her

neck with a watch chain. The child accurately notes that it was indeed the custom to birch girls on the bared portions of their ananomies, but adds that nevertheless it was "inexpressibly painful."

The selfsame uncle seizes his wife and shakes her furiously when, while promenading, she gazes about her at a glorious sunset. Clara finds this reaction extreme but correct: "Most authorities do maintain that a lady ought not to divert her gaze from the direction in which she is walking." Still, her uncle need not have raged; a word—most a frown—would have sufficed."

Clara's lot improves miraculously, as can happen in Victoriana, when she inherits the fortune of her great-uncle

PAINTING BY RICHARD HESS



JACKET OF CLARA REEVE
Charming and affectionate.

Douglas, the fifth Baron Rhodes. In short order she marries her titled cousin Niles and thus becomes a countess. Whether the marriage is an improvement—whether, in fact, it is a marriage—is a question that remains open till the melodrama's final scenes. Niles is charming and affectionate but in an oddly distant mode. Months after the wedding, Clara remains utterly ignorant of the process by which her species reproduces itself. It is clear that Niles is unduly influenced by his improbable mother and by a coarse, swaggering manservant.

Nor much more can be said, lest the author's outrageous unlikelihoods become unglued. The dust jacket offers useful clues: a volcano erupting; a young woman, evidently Clara, holding a pistol and a rose; a young man, evidently Niles, holding a false face; and a rather sinister older woman. Readers who follow these tantalizations to the end will be richly rewarded—with everything save the real name of the author.

* John Skow

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The Reluctant Judge

After a complicated civil trial, lawyers expect to spend anxious months waiting for the judge's decision. But attorneys at the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund think matters have gone to weird lengths in the case of Storage Handler William English and other black employees of the Seaboard Coast Line Railroad. Their employment-discrimination suit—raising issues of promotion and seniority—was filed in 1969. The trial did not begin until January 1973. Then Georgia Federal Judge Alexander A. Lawrence set about pondering his decision. Now, two years and five months later, he is still pondering.

He cannot have forgotten about it. After waiting eight months, L.D.F. lawyers sent Lawrence a letter asking that the case be decided. With no answer to that or to their second letter three months later or to a formal motion requesting a decision two months after that, the attorneys asked for help from Chief Judge John R. Brown of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Brown communicated with Lawrence and reported that "he will get this case out just as soon as he can, and understands fully the need for a decision at the earliest possible time." That was a year ago.

Down the Line. By last January the frustrated L.D.F. finally decided to ask the appeals court for a formal order directing the judge to decide the case. They argued that Lawrence, 68, a Savannah lawyer appointed to the bench by Lyndon Johnson in 1968, had a past history of dragging his feet in deciding employ-

ment-discrimination cases. But the appeals court said no. Now the L.D.F. attorneys have gone to the Supreme Court. The "pattern of delay," they claim, means "a substantial nullification" of employment civil rights in southern Georgia, where Lawrence presides. The high court will not even decide whether to decide to take the unusual step of budging Judge Lawrence until October.

If Lawrence has not ruled by then, his opinion will have been pending for nearly three years. Since the trial, Seaboard has changed many of its practices under challenge. Still, for William English, and his co-workers, final answer remains years down the line. If Lawrence some day finds they were victims of illegal discrimination and if that finding survives appeals, then it will be necessary to go back to trial on the issue of damages. And presiding over that trial—if everyone lives that long—will once again be the reluctant Judge Lawrence.

Corporation for the Poor

For years the young lawyers of California Rural Legal Assistance had been a cactus under conservative Governor Ronald Reagan. But lately they seemed to have come into their own. When Edmund Brown Jr. replaced Reagan, he appointed three former C.R.L.A. lawyers to top state jobs. More recently, C.R.L.A. won a major legal victory abolishing use of the hated short-handled hoe that hurt the backs and health of many farm workers. Nonetheless, C.R.L.A. is currently deep in gloom. Reason: money. Last week all 48 C.R.L.A. lawyers, as well as the rest of the staff, took pay cuts in a desperate attempt to maintain services to their 20,000 annual clients.

The cash crunch has less to do with inflation and recession than with indifference and resistance in Washington. C.R.L.A. is one of 269 local legal-services programs created after 1965 by the now extinct federal Office of Economic Opportunity. In OEO's heyday, its young lawyers lustily sued local authorities across the U.S. on behalf of poor clients, and smarting officials went raging to Washington to throttle the federally funded upstarts. When the Nixon Administration began dismantling the OEO during the early '70s, legal services began to atrophy. But the successes of the OEO lawyers so outweighed their excesses as a way of giving the poor legal help that supporters finally worked out a legislative rescue of sorts: a new Legal Services Corporation, to be funded by Congress but run independently by eleven board members named by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

After nine months of dawdling and a misguided effort to put two outright foes of legal services on the board, President Ford finally named eleven direc-



C.R.L.A. LAWYER INTERVIEWING CLIENTS
More resistance than recession.

tors who passed muster in the Senate, and last week they held their first meeting. Chaired by Cornell Law School Dean Roger Cramton, the group ranges from conservative to moderate liberal—though there are no women or representatives from poverty groups. Still, one legal-services activist pronounced himself "pleasantly surprised" after meeting the members. Said Melville Miller, director of Middlesex County Legal Services in New Jersey: "They seemed interested, open-minded and genuinely committed to poor people."

Closed Door. Awaiting the board is a logjam of problems such as those at C.R.L.A. Many local programs have limped along for four or five years with no funding increases. In Springfield, Ill., the legal-services group has had to pass up a number of legitimate suits because it could not afford them. In Seattle, an open-door policy for walk-in business has been closed down in favor of appointments as a way to cut the number of clients.

The Legal Services Corporation ultimately must resolve some philosophical questions about its mission. Conservatives favor handling small, specific problems such as divorces and evictions, but oppose the liberal inclination to bring broad, heavily researched suits that attack root difficulties. For the moment, though, everyone can at least agree on the need for cash. Last week the new board unanimously voted to ask Congress to increase its current \$72 million budget by \$25 million in an effort to bring C.R.L.A. and other weakened aid programs back to full strength.

STEVE WOODFORD



FEDERAL JUDGE LAWRENCE
He cannot have forgotten.

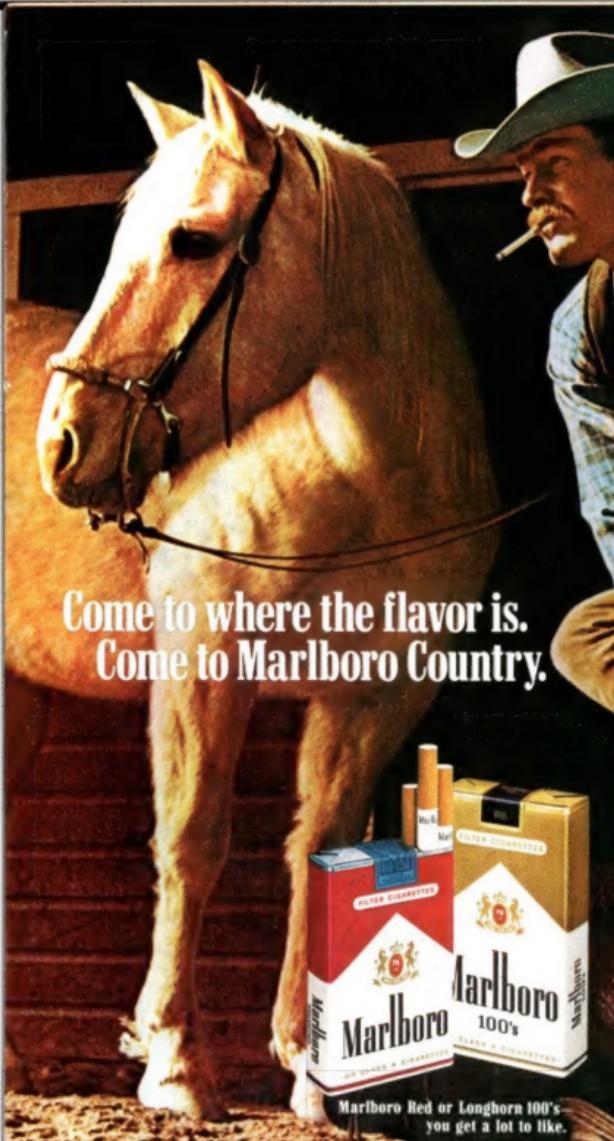
THE SEAGRAM'S GIN AND TONIC SECRET.

A man and a woman in tennis attire are smiling at the camera. The man is holding a glass of tonic water with ice cubes and a slice of lime. The woman is holding a tennis racket and a glass of tonic water with ice cubes and a slice of lime. A bottle of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin is on the table next to them. There is also a wooden tray with a lime squeezer and some lime slices.

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